The Bystander. No. 54. Vol. IV. WEDNESDAY. DECEMBER 14, 1904

THE CRAFT OF [illegible]ALCONRY (Illustrated) 6d.

THE BYSTANDER

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Sport, Travel & Fiction

The BYSTANDER.

Art Literature & the Drama.

No. 54.—Vol. IV. [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper] Wednesday, December 14, 1904 [Price 6d. By Post, 6½d.

Photo by *Fellows Wilson*

The Baroness de Meyer

The Baroness de Meyer is one of the few beautiful Italians who have become, as it were, acclimatised in English Society. She is the only child of the Duke of Caracciolo, and is King Edward's god-daughter. She is a very clever fencer.

No. 54.—Vol. IV.

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The Editor is always pleased to receive contributions from his readers, but all such should be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope for return if unsuitable, and although every effort will be made to deal with MSS., photographs, or drawings, promptly, it must be understood that the Editor cannot accept responsibility for unsolicited contributions. Liberal payment will be made on publication for all accepted matter. Short stories of 1,000 to 3,000 words are acceptable, but in order to save inconvenience and disappointment, the Editor begs leave to state that bright and amusing fiction is preferred. News, and photographs of events on the Continent of interest to English readers, will be immediately considered. All contributions should bear the owner's name and address. The Editor is always pleased to receive suggestions and ideas from his readers. All letters should be addressed to the Editor, THE BYSTANDER Office, Tallis Street, E.C.: The Telephone No. is 471 Holborn.

N.B.—We have received a large number of contributions without the necessary stamps enclosed for return. In future, all such will be consigned to the waste-paper basket.

BOOKS RECEIVED

NOVELS

"A Prince of the People." By Major Philip Trevor. (Isbister: 6*s.*)

"Vivian Harcourt's Secret." By Baroness Oesterreicher. (Jarrold: 3*s.* 6*d.*)

"Dear Fatherland." By ex-Lieutenant Bilse. (John Lane: 6*s.*)

MISCELLANEOUS

"More Queer Things about Japan." By Douglas Sladen. (Treherne: 21*s.*)

"Notes on Popular Rationalism." By Canon Hensley Henson. (Isbister: 3*s.* 6*d.*)

"Poems of Christina Rosetti." Chosen and Edited by W. M. Rosetti. (Macmillan's Golden Treasury Series: 2*s.* 6*d.*)

"With Amy in Brittany." By Sir Philip Burne-Jones. (Appleton: 3*s.* 6*d.*)

"Under the Care of the Japanese War Office." By Ethel McCaul. (Cassell: 6*s.*)

"The Melpomene Papers." By Annette Furness. (Fisher Unwin: 3*s.* 6*d.*)

"The Wouldbegoods." A Story for Boys and Girls. By E. Nesbit. (Fisher Unwin: 6*s.*)

"Cartoons in Rhyme and Line." By Sir Wilfrid Lawson and F. Carruthers Gould. (Fisher Unwin: 4*s.* 6*d.*)

"Petrol Motors and Motor-Cars." By T. Hyler White. (Longmans: 4*s.* 6*d.* net.)

"Dolly's Governess." By George Somes Layard. Illustrated by Lewis Baumer. (Isbister: 1*s.* net.)

"The Last of the Mohicans." By Fenimore Cooper. Illustrated by H. M. Brock. (Macmillans: 2*s.* net.)

"The Live Stock Journal 1905 Almanac." (Vinton and Co.: 1*s.*)

"A Fallen Idol." By F. Anstey. Illustrated by H. M. Brock. (Newnes: 6*d.*)

"A List of Eton Commensals, 1563-1647." Edited by Wasey Sterry, M.A. (Spottiswoode: 2*s.*)

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NOTICE.—Paris Office, 24, Cité Trevise, where all orders for Continental Subscriptions, Advertisements, and Electros should be addressed.

POSTAGE RATES FOR THIS WEEK'S "BYSTANDER" are as follow:—To any part of the United Kingdom ½d. per copy irrespective of weight. To any other part of the world the rate would be ½d. FOR EVERY TWO OUNCES. Care should, therefore, be taken to correctly WEIGH AND STAMP all copies so forwarded.

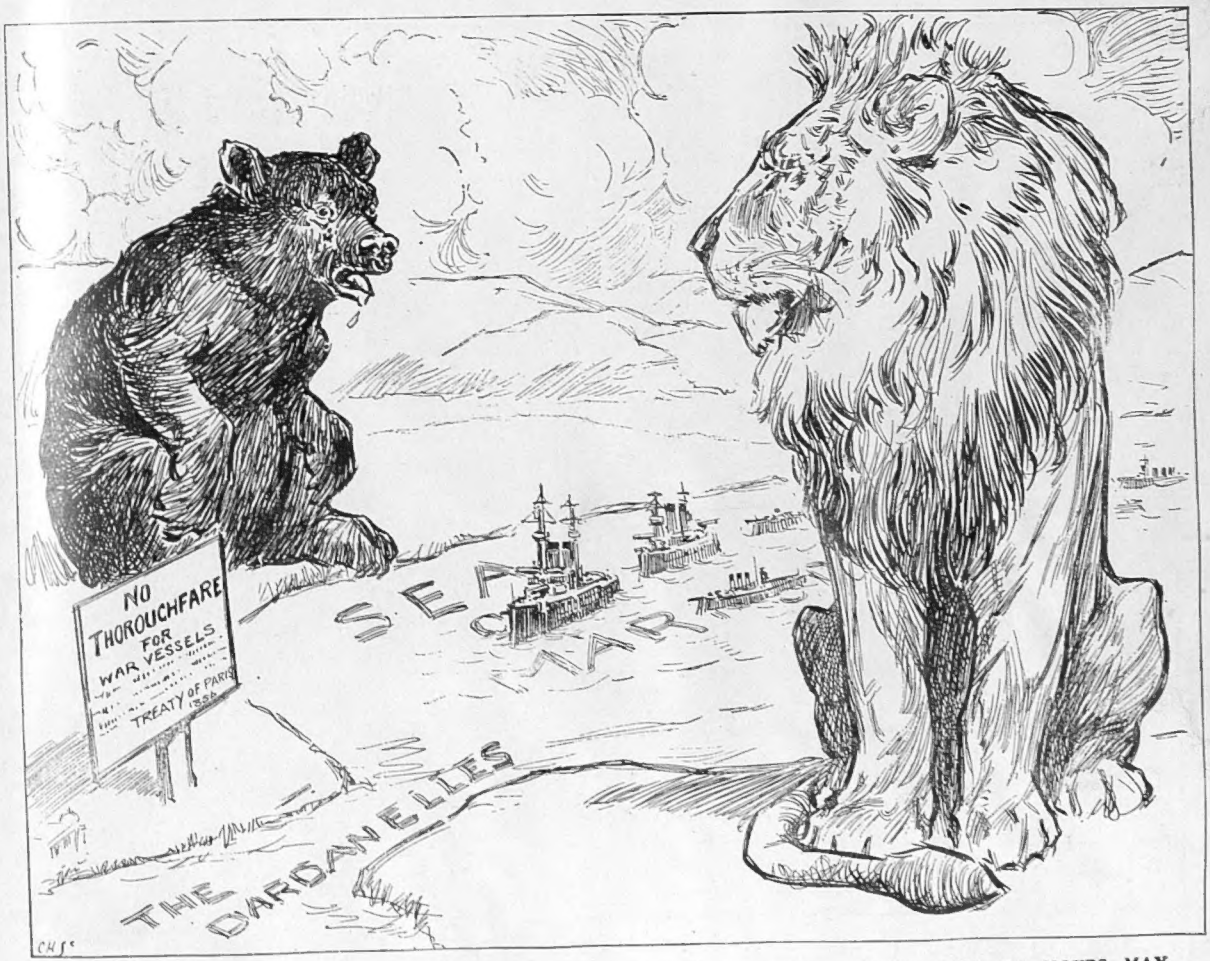
THE WORLD'S PAGEANT.

London: Wednesday, December 14, 1904

Of all nations, Russia is the most irresponsible in her actions. She drifted into her present disastrous war simply through a hopeless sense of irresponsibility. The same fatal characteristic was observable in the way she despatched her Baltic Fleet, months too late to be of service and manned throughout by incompetent officers and crew. It is more by luck than merit that, through this same constitutional inability to act in a business-like and responsible manner, she has not been embroiled in other wars.

* * *

Perhaps the most flagrant instance of her irresponsibility is to be found in her methods of diplomacy. A treaty-making country on a lavish scale, there is nothing troubles her less than to disavow treaties when the occasion suits. The latest exploit of that reactionary journal, the *Novoye Vremya* — again an irresponsible journal—has been to engineer a campaign for the purpose of disregarding the solemn treaties entered into with the Powers by which the Black Sea Fleet is not allowed to pass the Dardanelles. "It is ridiculous," say, in effect, the irresponsible Russians, "to maintain the letter of a treaty which has no bearing on present-day political exigencies. Our ships won't hurt you, so let them go through."



THE LION: "THE SULTAN AND I ARE AGREED, FRIEND BRUIN, THAT THOSE SHIPS OF YOURS MAY PASS THROUGH ON THE UNDERSTANDING THAT THEY DON'T COME BACK"

A Guilty Conscience

"Have mercy on me! I have a wife and family to support," cried a muffin-man, summoned for ringing his bell in the streets. The disregarded prayers and tears of distracted suburbanites must have been ringing in his ears

Here we are again!

A revival of the Fiscal Question is imminent—at the pantomimes

It is fortunate Great Britain has taken a firm stand on the question. Russia wriggles and writhes like a snake, but without effect. She knows John Bull is regarding her very closely, and she also knows the game is not worth the candle. In a sense, it is hard luck on Russia that her Black Sea Fleet is a negligible quantity, so far as the present war is concerned; but, even if the Fleet were to sail for Japanese waters, it would serve no purpose now, except to provide an additional target for Admiral Togo. Meantime, if Russia's Fleet *were* to show its contempt for existing treaties and sally forth, the probability is that before many hours were past another nation's fleet would slip in. However, the people of Russia are giving signs of awakening, and the day may not be long distant, let us hope, when the present *régime* of irresponsibility will pass.

* * *

The cry is "Still they come." This country is slow to move, but the efforts of Major Evans-Gordon and others to draw attention to the vast number of aliens who seek the hospitality of our shores are at last beginning to bear fruit. One is sorry for these poor people, who are tossed hither and thither, but, really, one fails to see why England should be the refuge of the destitute and outcast of the nations.

THEIR NEW "LITTLE FATHER"

J. B. *(perplexed)*: "Oh, dear! oh, dear! I never have refused to take 'em in yet, but this is coming it a bit too strong"

This argument, it is true, has been repeated time and again, but, more for sentimental reasons than for others, action has never been taken to keep undesirable emigrants from our shores. The memory of the Huguenot invasion, which helped to build up Britain's commerce, is, perhaps, still green in our memories. But in these days, we are face to face with serious problems. It is impossible to find work for all our people as it is. Why, then, should the destitute foreigner be able to land on our shores and take the food out of Englishmen's mouths? Not only is this the case, but it must be remembered that usually only the very destitute remain here. America is the El Dorado of the refugee, and all who have the means to go there merely use us as a half-way house: as America will only accept emigrants who possess a certain minimum sum of money, it results in the scum remaining here.

* * *

Our readers will look with some apprehension at the photograph we publish showing specimens of our latest importation. These gipsies are now engaging the attention of the police of two counties. The Hertfordshire Constabulary have headed these undesirable visitors from their own county into Essex, where they have become an additional incubus on the rates. They can speak no English, they are filthily dirty, and, like every nomad, of no use to the community at all. Should there not be a law to prohibit steamship companies from bringing over such undesirable freight? It is said that Mr. Balfour has been approached on the subject. He will, no doubt, realise that something must be done to put a stop to the present impossible state of affairs. It is the unkindest cut of all on Russia's part that she dumps such refuse in human cargoes on our already over-stocked shores.

* * *

It is a good thing for those of us who are not muffin-men that a gentleman of that persuasion was fined by Mr. Denman, at Marlborough Street Police Court, the other day. It is quite time that a campaign was started to put a stop to the interminable noises in London streets—and, if it comes to that, anywhere else. The muffin-man is a relic of the bygone age, when it was necessary to employ town criers, and it is disgraceful that he should now ply his trade at the expense of the nerves of the community. But there are even worse noises than the muffin-man. How much longer will it be ere the ringing of church bells is prohibited? Some church bells, it is true, are not disagreeable, but the monotonous clang, clang, clang from the average place of worship is a painful interlude in an otherwise peaceful Sunday. Once, when watches and clocks were not the property of the million, there was some sense in the announcement that it was time for church, but now church bells are an anachronism—and a very tiresome one, too. We look forward to the day when every parson who persists in ringing a single church bell, of grating sound, is led before the magistrate and dealt with summarily, as the muffin-man above.

A common sight by the roadside these days: The alien and his family

The particular "undesirables" seen in our illustration are the kind of immigrant which no country in the world will admit but England. Being without any means of subsistence, visible or invisible, they have been driven from Hertfordshire into Essex, proving an additional burden to the rates wherever they may stay

Round the Theatres

"THE ORCHID" IS REVISED—"PAGLIACCI" AT THE SAVOY THEATRE

At the Gaiety

There is a stout conservatism about Gaiety traditions which ought to appeal to the big heart of play-going John Bull. Other theatres in this rather indifferent period of dramatic history are subject to change. The policy of their managers is as stable as a policy can be which consists in catching the fleeting "success" and inducing it by all the arts to play for more than a few weeks.

Not so the Gaiety. Here all is run on wheels. There can be nothing more delightfully mechanical than the production of a Gaiety success—this can be said without incurring the slightest suspicion of being derogatory. The same cooks get the same orders for the same broth, for the sameness of which the British public has plumped for a considerable number of years. Only the seasoning is changed. A Gaiety revised version is equally a matter of delightful routine. *The Orchid* showed no signs of drooping, yet the time had arrived for it to be revived speaking horticulturally, so it was revised speaking theatrically. If I am permitted to guess at the genesis of the production of a revision it is this. At stated intervals in the prosperous career of the infant, Gaiety Success, a faint crease appears upon the smooth, open brow of Mr. George Edwardes (after being called "blue-eyed," and was it "bouncing"?—he will pass this personality). "There must be a revision" says Mr. Edwardes, in his pleasant, falsetto voice. "There must be a revision" is passed down the line. This is the cue for the cooks, and before John Bull playgoer can realise it, the new version takes place amid enthusiastic scenes. The revision is one to be seen, not written about. But I should like to express my thanks to the powers that be for giving Mr. Lionel Mackinder a song, "Kate O'Malley," worthy of his talents. I got rather tired of seeing him in the process of making bricks without straw.

Mr. "Teddy" Payne
In *The Orchid* at the Gaiety Theatre

At the Savoy

The reign of musical drama at the Savoy has been fairly auspicious. Mrs. Brown-Potter has arranged a judicious separation between libretto and score. The libretto treads the boards untrammelled, the score is confined to the narrow compass of the orchestra. This novel expedient has succeeded in two instances. *Cavalleria Rusticana*, at the Savoy, was received with unmistakable signs of approval. So was *Pagliacci*. In neither case did one yearn for the interpretation of the human voice. Yet he would be rash who declared any incompatibility between libretto and vocal score of these great operas.

What gave Mrs. Brown-Potter the clue to this idea? Perhaps it was the Pianola. Music drama may be termed the Pianola of the operatic world. For those poor souls who may be unable to follow this fine simile, it may be necessary to point out that in both cases the faulty, human, but occasionally divine, interpretation is lacking, viz., the power to sing and the power to play the piano. In both cases the music is correct, viz., the right notes are struck. And so music drama is interesting. Each renders the other mutual, but not twin-souled, assistance across the footlights.

To deal with the component parts of this erstwhile body.

Mr. Raymond Roze conducted the orchestra — *quantum suff.* Mr. Charles Warner played Canio. That statement is not sufficient. He gave a performance so mighty, that it will be remembered when the lees of *Drink* have been cast into the gutter. He played it—and he played it—and he over-played it. The mere mortal, gasping at the power of this horrific performance, can only surmise that Mr. Warner took his type-written "part" and studied it on Mount Olympus.

Descending upon the stage of the Savoy, he filled the stage, he filled the auditorium, and sat heavily upon the souls of every member of the

At the Savoy Theatre

SKETCHES OF

"PAGLIACCI"

By LAWSON WOOD

Mr. Charles Warner as Canio

Canio, the injured husband, tears his hair

Mrs. Brown-Potter as Nedda

Mr. Jerrold Robertshaw as Silvio

Mr. Gilbert Hare as Tonio

audience. He strode, a Gulliver among a theatreful of Liliputians. A few mean souls among the pit, hysterical under this monstrous apparition, laughed feebly. They must have burned with shame the next minute. Mr. Warner's clown, Canio, hovered for a moment on the borders of ridicule. He then crossed the borderland of the sublime. Like the Olympian gods, his associates, Canio, in his emotions, was both greater and less than mortals. He rocked under the suspicion of Nedda's infidelity as no man, lacking the bulk, can rock. He gave her the benefit of the doubt, and shut out suspicion from motives so abject and yet so great-souled as to be both below and above the compass of any mortal man. His rage and despair were awful to witness. He was great in his wrath, terrible in his revenge.

Never, surely, has there been seen a performance so magnificently out of the picture—so superbly alone. It was a recitation, the work of his fellow-players being an explanation of little more account than the nicely-printed "argument" on a programme. Mrs. Brown-Potter was a petulant Nedda, who struggled with pretty impotence in the grasp of this Titan. Mr. Gilbert Hare, as the fool Tonio, rather gave the impression of a cynical man of the world at a fancy dress ball. In fact, the show was a masquerade, broken up by the Titanic griefs of this monumental Canio.

Mr. Maude's New Theatre

The ancient pastime of building castles in Spain has been discarded for the more modern game of building theatres in Aldwych. Sites have been apportioned and re-apportioned. Theatrical potentates have been generously dowered by an appreciative public with colossal temples of amusement. Mr. Maude is the latest recipient of a beautiful theatre "in the very heart of theatredom." Where else but Aldwych? Also, is this the theatre-to-be which had previously been presented to Mr. Murray Carson? Congratulations to Mr. Maude on his choice of such a delightful title for his theatre as "The Playhouse." The public is a little wearied of Brown's Theatre, Jones' Theatre, and Robinson's Theatre.

"At the Sign of the Times"

White Elephants

The careful housewife will by now have completed her purchases of Christmas gifts. The memo-tablet for absent-minded Uncle John, which, by the way, Uncle John will (absent-mindedly), as likely as not, deposit in his waste-paper basket; the smoker's companion for one's husband, which will induce him to wish that he could also be absent-minded; positively the last Henty for one's nephew; the thimbles and escritoires, Japanese dolls and work-baskets, will all by this time be ready and packed, tied up with string or pink ribbons, according to whether they are to go by the post or not. It seems a suitable moment for discussing the topic of White Elephants, and how to avoid them.

A Way Out

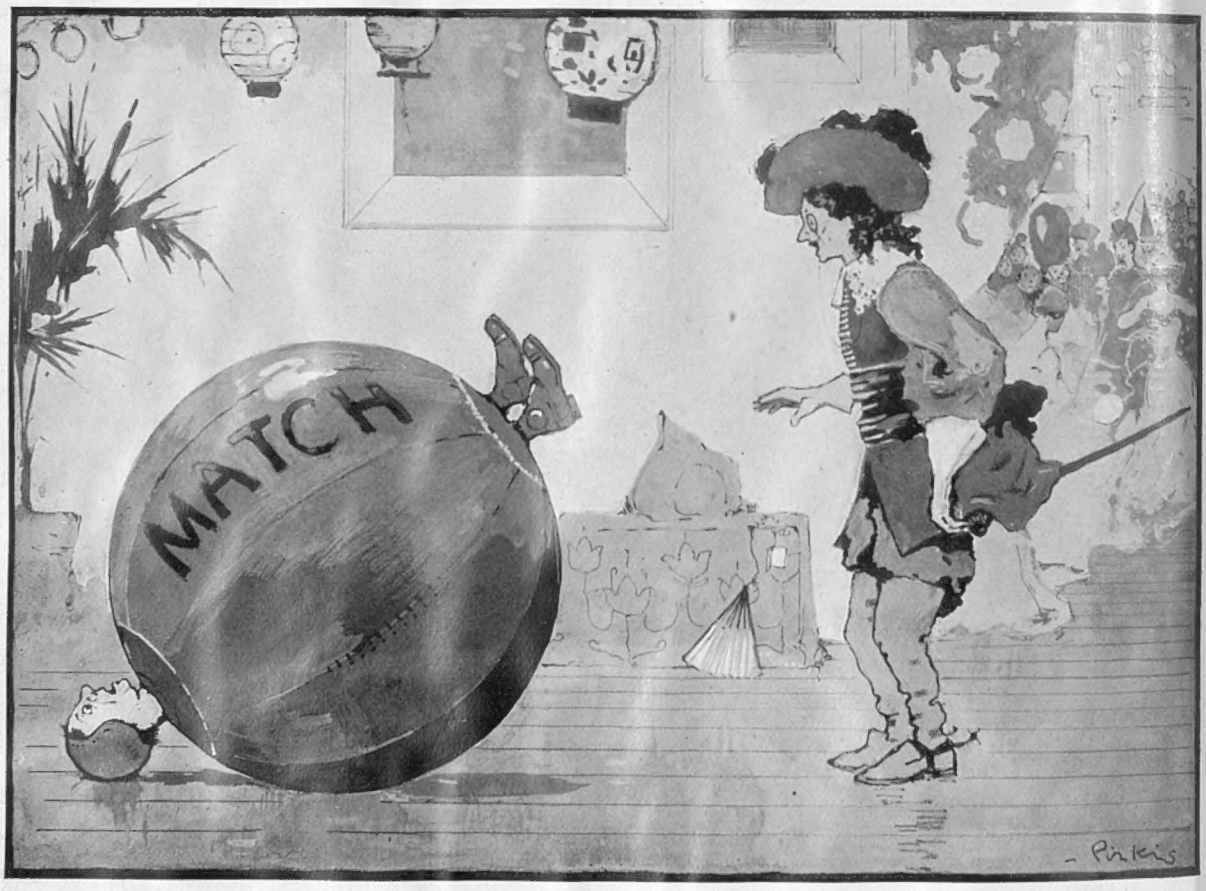
Cynics make out that White Elephants preponderate at Christmas time; and Mr. Barry Pain once even went so far as to forsee the necessity of having professional smashers-up of unwelcome presents. The idea was, if we remember right, that these gentlemen would travel round to various houses and accidentally break things which the owners desired to have out of the way but dared not break themselves. This, of course, would be one way out of the difficulty.

The German Fashion

Another way is shown us by the Germans, and is more economical. It consists of everyone writing out a Wunsch-Zettel — or Wish-Programme — some weeks before Christmas, and setting down in it everything that one would like to have, from a motor-car to a pin-cushion. Anyone expressing a desire to present a Christmas gift is shown this list, and ticks off what he or she will give. The drawback to the system is, that one is more likely to receive the pin-cushion than the motor-car. And though it is always pleasant to receive a pin-cushion, one does not like to think that one has tempted a fellow-creature to be mean.

Concerning Calendars

The sale of Calendars for 1905 —says a contemporary — is likely to beat all records. Such a statement makes us think with pity upon the miserable state of our ancestors, who had to keep the date by notching sticks. It also makes us wonder what becomes of all the calendars that are produced. Most tradesmen send out a calendar to their customers; circular advertisements are nothing without one; we have plain calendars (but not many); calendars in our blotting-pads; clocks and



AT A FANCY DRESS BALL

CAVALIER (*after Vandyke, or after supper*): "Good gracious me! What are you?"

BROWN: "I'm supposed to be a 'push-ball,' only some silly idiot has gone and pushed me off my feet"

A theatrical aspect of "L'Entente Cordiale": Posters of "A Country Girl" have pride of place on the hoardings in Paris

The cry for cosmopolitanism in art is being answered to some purpose these days. A walk along Broadway, New York, recalls the Strand, so many English plays are performed in that city each year. The invasion of French and German players is welcomed in London. Now Paris is all agog over the charms of "A Country Girl," and instead of the usual bare hoarding, with the notice, "Défense d'Afficher," the "Country Girl" posters (in English be it noted) are a conspicuous attraction

watches that give the calendar; pocket-book calendars; Shakespeare and Marie Corelli, moral and metaphysical calendars; and daily papers, which—as has been remarked—are the best calendars of all. What the future holds in store for us in the way of calendars it would be hard to say. Coal-scuttle calendars, shirt-cuff calendars, and calendar hats, suggest themselves. Cheap brands of Champagne might be worked off by having a calendar label attached. One thing is tolerably certain, and that is, that though calendars multiply themselves indefinitely, there will always be somebody in every house, who, as soon as he begins to write a letter, will be annoyed to find that he doesn't know the date.

Should English be Taught?

The recent questions about Greek and its educational value, and whether it should be retained in our schools and universities, has suggested to one or two revolutionary minds a similar question about English, and whether it should be taught in our schools and universities. This difficult language, it seems, has not yet been given a place in the school curriculum. Young Germans learn it; so do young Swedes and Norwegians, Swiss and Japanese. The youth of America has to go through a very severe course of English. Why then, it is asked, should not the youth of England do the same?

The Future of the Language

The answer seems to be—because there are very few capable teachers of English. The more's the pity. For if it is true that the average English public school boy leaves school incapable of expressing himself decently in his own native tongue—which is what some educationalists maintain, then—apart from everything else—the future of the English language is menaced. For, however kindly the Germans and Americans may treat our tongue, they are bound to alter it in the end. Already, if one may trust Mr. Kipling, an expert in gunnery is in American a "gun-sharp": and this is but a mild example of the way they are changing our vocabulary. True, American novelists often use a very pure English diction, but the novelists are always conservative. It will be a painful day to the British schoolboy when he finds that he has to read the American Classics with a crib.

The Cumberland Wolf

By the time these lines are in print the Cumberland wolf, which has been causing some sensation in the Press—as well as in Cumberland, where it has been feeding on sheep, as wolves will do—will no doubt have met with its death. So far, after a foray made "by two hundred farmers and others," only two foxes have been shot. Some sportsmen will regret this. But when they reflect that the raiders included forty guns and several journalists, they will see cause to be thankful that nothing worse happened. Even a single journalist would have been a loss.

A Comparison of Controversial Methods

The affair at Hendaye between M. Jaurès and M. Déroulède only emphasises once more how comparatively small is the difference between French and English methods of settling a political controversy.

Here, when two politicians gainsay one another, as, for example, Mr. Ritchie and Mr. Bonar Law have been doing, they are anxious to show the public the rights of the case as soon as possible. What do they do? They sit down and write to the *Times*. The *Times* prints their letters. The public looks on. Nobody is hurt.

With Happy Endings

In France, the contending politicians are equally anxious to put their case before the public in what they consider the most favourable light, seeing that they, like the English politicians, serve the public. But their methods are adapted to their necessities. They have no *Times* to write to. As a Frenchman has remarked, "There is but one *Times*." Very well. Instead of sitting down with pen and ink, they journey to a pleasant little spot in the shadow of the Pyrenees, famous for its liqueurs. There, at a suitable hour, they fight a duel with *épées*. The public looks on. Nobody is hurt—as a rule. But, of course, there are exceptions in both countries.

The Trials of Kings

A contemporary has been at some pains to point out that when monarchs are reported to have laughed at jokes, it must not be assumed that the jokes were necessarily good ones. It is part—it says—of a monarch's duties to be urbane, and laugh at mediocre jokes. This is very true. It is also true that when monarchs are reported to have met with accidents, it must not be assumed that the accidents were real ones. The other day a member of the Portuguese suite had to inform an agitated Press Association that King Carlos had not met with a cab accident, as rumoured; he had only seen one. Even American reporters would hardly expect a King to oblige with a cab accident.

Soup

"England is a soupless country," says an authority on cooking; meaning thereby that English cooks cannot make soup. Is this the reason, we wonder, why so much soup is given away in charity? If so, this gives point to a discussion which has taken place in Grimsby between the Mayor and a clergyman. The clergyman protested against the dole to the Grimsby poor on Christmas Day; the Mayor said that he—the Mayor—would take the consequences of it. But what are the consequences? And is it not the poor, rather than the Mayor, who have to take them?

Liberalism Triumphant

Once again Lord Rosebery has won the hearts of the majority of his fellow-countrymen. On the same day when at Glasgow he made one of the deftest attacks on Protection that has yet been put forth, he won the Championship Plate for the Best Beast in the Smithfield Club Show. It is Elizabethan, no less. Mr. Chamberlain, with nothing but his orchids and his tariffs, will surely tremble. MINIMUS.

COMMERCE ON THE HIGH SEAS IS SAFE PRO TEM.

The Baltic Fleet entering the Suez Canal at Port Said

People of Interest

Photo by Thiele

Lord Alington, of Crichel

The King's visit to Crichel has been postponed owing to the death of Lord Hardwicke. Lord Alington's brother-in-law

The King's Host

Lord Alington, who is to be the host of the King in January, is one of His Majesty's most intimate friends. He is an excellent shot, and is, perhaps, most distinguished by the sportsmanlike and thoroughly English qualities which render him such a popular member of Society. Among his intimate friends he is still known by his Eton nickname of "Trotter," and is seldom seen without a bunch of violets in his buttonhole. Until the death of his father this year, he had a seat in the House of Commons, where he proved himself an essentially silent member. Lady Alington is a very beautiful woman, her beauty being of the Oriental type; she affects rich colours, beautiful jewels, and flowers of the rare exotic kind.

Lord and Lady Pembroke

Wilton, the delightful old residence of Lord and Lady Pembroke, where the Prince and Princess of Wales are being entertained this week, is one of the most interesting historic places in England. "Pembroke's stately fane" is full of memories, and as its owners have almost always been men of mark, not only gallant warriors, but also patrons of the fine arts, one comes across any number of souvenirs of bygone ages, though it has inevitably suffered somewhat from the vandalism and lack of taste that distinguished the Georgian period. Wilton has often been visited by Royalty, and a lock of Queen Elizabeth's golden hair, given by her to Sir Philip Sydney, is most tenderly cherished. The beautiful drawing-room is panelled with pictures representing scenes in "Arcadia," though it remains a matter of regret to everyone that of one of its constant visitors, Shakespeare, not a trace remains, not even a first edition of any of his works. Lord Pembroke is a good shot and a keen sportsman, and frequently organises shooting parties in the season. Lady Pembroke makes a charming hostess, and is a pleasant and kind-hearted woman. She is one of the handsome Lambtons, a sister of the Duchess of Leeds and of Lord Durham. An illustration of Wilton House appears on page 724.

Photo by Lafayette

The Countess of Pembroke

Who is entertaining the Prince and Princess of Wales at Wilton House, near Salisbury, this week

Photo by Robertson

Earl Roberts

Who has just returned to England from his visit to South Africa

Lord Roberts

Lord Roberts, "the last of the Commanders-in-Chief," has returned from the sad pilgrimage to the grave of his only son in South Africa. The father, mother, and sisters of that gallant young soldier came back on the *Norman*, and all looked extremely well. By all accounts, Lord Roberts has never shown himself younger or more energetic than he was during the voyage, when he was in great demand at the numerous gatherings with which the long passage is enlivened, and acted several times as chairman.

Considering that Lord Roberts has passed his seventy-second birthday, his vitality is almost miraculous. He is the best advertisement that total abstainers ever had. Among the things he finds in England which were not there when he left it earlier in the year is the 1905 *Who's Who*, with well over a column of matter about "Roberts of Kandahar, Pretoria, and Waterford."

The Welsh Revivalist

There may be two opinions respecting the Religious Revival in Wales. Some people call it mania, and some hysteria; others rejoice in the movement. There is much that is hysterical and abnormal in it without a doubt, and there is no mania to compare with religious mania in the way it unhinges the mind. But, at the same time, it is influencing many hundreds of lives for good. Its originator, Evan Roberts, presents the most extraordinary phenomenon of all to the psychologist. A few weeks ago he was training for the ministry, but, according to one account, he was suddenly struck down, much in the way that St. Paul was, and for a time was blinded. Sceptical though we may be, impossible though we may find it to comprehend the subtle influences at work, there they undoubtedly are. We hear of this youth—for he is no more—passing from village to village, followed hungrily by a band of disciples. He does not preach in the sense of the word as we understand it. Yet packed meetings are being held wherever people can congregate. Work is thrown aside and pleasures left; the public-houses are deserted, and football is a forgotten game. From early morn till past midnight vast throngs collect, and the tense, deadly earnestness of the gatherings, as one strong man after another throws himself on his knees and cries out passionately for forgiveness of his sins, is only to be realised by seeing it. What is the secret of it? Is the personal magnetism of this boy revivalist explained by his enthusiasm? In any case, it reminds one strangely of scenes which took place many centuries ago in another part of the world.

Evan Roberts, the Welsh Revivalist
Whose mission in the Rhondda Valley has been attended by such remarkable scenes of religious fervour

The Rev. Obadiah Kent-White Mrs. Obadiah Kent-White The Rev. H. L. Harvey and his Wife

THE PRINCIPAL PENTECOSTAL DANCERS, OR RED-HOT REVIVALISTS, WHO WERE RECENTLY CARRYING ON A MISSION IN SOUTH LONDON

The Pentecostal Dancers

It seems hard to convince the innumerable prophets of "freak" religions in the United States that it really does not pay to come to London. Nothing but the most heartless mockery has, so far, been the portion of the Rev. Obadiah Kent-White, Mrs. Obadiah Kent-White and troupe, who have been performing at the Camberwell Baths to interested, but derisive, houses. The name of their sect is the Church of the Burning Bush and the Pillar of Fire, and the leading peculiarity of it—if we except its altogether inconceivable foolishness—is the Holy Dance, of which startling examples have been given daily at the "services." Mrs. Kent-White, who is what Mr. Dooley calls an "authoress," has explained it all in "Looking Back from Beulah." She attended a meeting in Chicago held by Messrs. Farson and Harvey, who started the movement as an improvement on Wesleyan Methodism. Messrs. Farson and Harvey, amid "shouts of victory and holy laughter," danced on the platform. "Instantly I saw," writes the prophetess, "that it was not only beautiful but scriptural. The great beads of perspiration rolled down their faces, and conviction went like an arrow to the hearts of the unsaved." It does not look as if "the unsaved" of Camberwell and district were quite so ready for "conviction." The "holiness people"—another name of theirs—"believe in old-fashioned holiness and hell," and not in "those idolatrous religious clubs called churches." The missionaries, we understand, are proceeding to India.

Photo by *Alice Hughes*

Miss Phyllis Squire

Champion lady skater (English style), who is engaged to be married to Mr. Johnson, also a well-known skater

George Robey Kicks a Goal

Football may be said to be a well-nigh universal game, played through all the ages and by every class. According to *Punch*, it was played by a great Greek philosopher—"Soccerates" to wit—and something like 2,500 years after, or, to be more particular, last week, the greatest of English comedians was playing the game, and playing it well, too. George Robey's exhibition of his football prowess, in the match in which he captained a team against the 'Spurs, only proves what is already well-known, namely, that he is an athlete of no mean order. Yet the crowd, with characteristic British persistency, refused to take George seriously, and when he kicked the only goal obtained by his team (which included six Internationals), his admirers gave one huge, joyful shout,

Photo by *Topical Agency*

Mr. George Robey's Team v. the 'Spurs, in the benefit match for the widow of J. L. Jones, the old Hotspur forward

The famous comedian is seen in the middle of the illustration, eagerly waiting for a throw-in. The crowd, with mind on his patter at the Halls, were rather inclined to treat his play as a joke, and they laughed heartily when he scored a goal. As a matter of fact, George Robey is a capital athlete, and is equally at home in the cricket as in the football field

The Earl of Essex

Who contested East Marylebone against Mr. T. Wheeler for a seat on the London County Council

and put it down as the greatest joke of the day; whereas Robey was in deadly earnest, and that the match was only lost by two goals to one proves it. The proceeds (George Robey is seldom a public athlete unless for charity's sake) were handed over to the widow and family of the late J. L. Jones, the popular Hotspur forward, who died in hospital last October.

Belted Earl and Coffee House Keeper

People have been heard to argue that England is not a democratic country. We have a House of Lords, it is true, which firmly establishes the status of a nobleman as something superior to the ordinary man in the street in the eyes of the nation. On the other hand, we have our County Council, which is just as democratic in its constitution as the most red-flag-waving socialist can desire. Its claims to this have been triumphantly asserted during the past week, for the two following gentlemen were opponents for the seat for East Marylebone:

Mr. T. Wheeler, Coffee House Keeper, and
The Right Hon. George Devereux de Vere Capell, The Earl of Essex.

Marylebone triumphantly proved its preference for aristocratic representation, for the "belted earl" was returned by a large majority as the Moderate candidate. Mr. Wheeler, nothing daunted, has returned to the sale of his buns and coffee, for he at least put up a good fight, which was a contingency Lord Essex's supporters were not expecting a week before the poll took place.

Mr. T. Wheeler standing outside his coffee house in Lisson Grove

A CONTEST FOR A SEAT ON THE L.C.C.: THE EARL OF ESSEX (MODERATE) v. MR. T. WHEELER (PROGRESSIVE)

MISTOOK HIS MEANING

OLD GENTLEMAN: "Now, my little man, you ought to join the new anti-smoking league for boys. Just you make a start and throw away that horrid cigar"

THE LITTLE MAN: "Not 'arf—you'd pick it up"

FROM ABROAD.

Mediæval Padua

The crowning glory of the old mediæval city of Padua, whither Petruchio came a-wooing (a beautiful "set" of the city is to be seen at the Adelphi Theatre), is its "Santo," or church dedicated to St. Antonio. This vast fabric, with its numerous Byzantine domes and soaring towers, is both imposing and picturesque. Certain portions of the interior are of surpassing beauty, and this refers more particularly to the transepts, which glow with the subdued, rich colouring of the marbles of Italy, and with beautiful frescoes, interspersed with fine bronzes, silver lamps and candelabra, and delicate pillars of alabaster wrought in high relief. In the north transept is the famous and highly-revered Capella del Santo, containing the remains of the famous saint. It is a magnificent shrine, supported on five beautiful white marble arches, above which is a wealth of pillars, inlaid marbles and friezes, adorned with statues of the Evangelists, the work of sculptors of the Renascence. Miracles are believed to be wrought at this tomb, and every day devotees are to be seen pressing their hands against the cold marble and praying with great fervency. Another Paduan church of undying interest is the Madonna dell' Arena, the walls and ceiling of which are covered with frescoes executed by Giotto, who appears to have resided in the city at the same time as Dante. These frescoes represent an enormous amount of work on the artist's part, but they have suffered much from the ravages of time and the vandalistic hand of the restorer. When the traveller has exhausted the interests of the old university city, he should make an expedition to Arquâ Petrarca on the spurs of the Euganean hills. Here is the villa of the poet Petrarch, in which his last days were spent, and outside the village church is his imposing but ponderous tomb. The villa is stored with priceless relics of the poet, and from the *loggia* one gazes far away, to where

> Beneath is spread, like a green sea,
> The waveless plain of Lombardy,
> Bounded by the vaporous air,
> And islanded by cities fair.

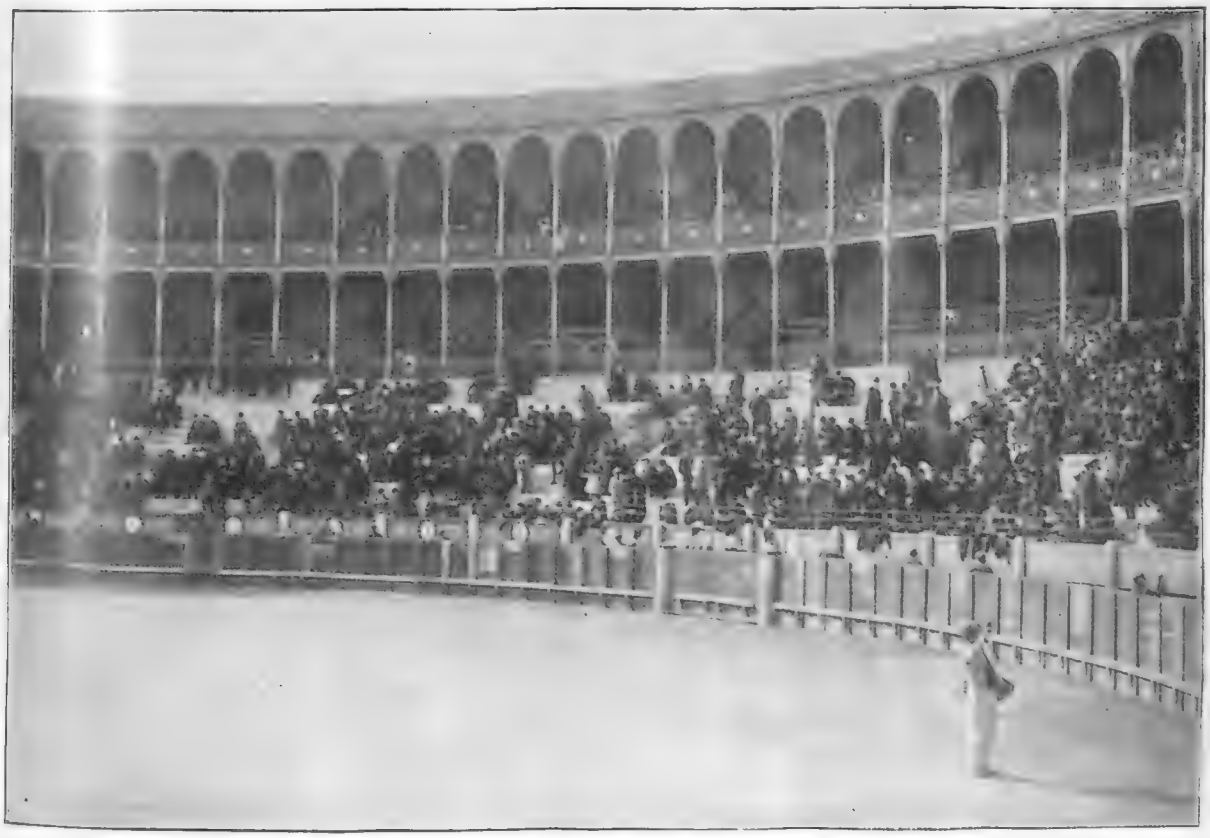
The famous Church of St. Antonio, at Padua

In this magnificent pile are buried the remains of the Franciscan monk, St. Antonio of Padua, who, so the mediæval legend runs, preached to the fishes when men refused to listen to him

Selling bulls for the Plaza de Toros, Madrid

Selling Bulls for the Plaza de Toros

The man on the white horse in the accompanying photograph is the head herdsman of the Duke of Veragua, a direct descendant of Christopher Columbus, who breeds the best bulls in Spain. The herdsman is selling the Duke's bulls to the two others, who are buyers—a very difficult and dangerous business — for the management of the Plaza de Toros at Madrid. The pikes, which all the three men carry, are used to ward off the bulls should they charge. The other photograph represents an orange-seller going the round of the bull-ring before the fight begins. These men are exceedingly dexterous, and can throw their oranges, with unfailing aim, right into the hands of a purchaser up in the top row.



The Plaza de Toros, Madrid: An orange-seller going the round of the arena before the fight commences

Japan in War Time

HOW THE SELF-SACRIFICE OF THE PEOPLE HELPS TO SWELL THE WAR FUND

By MURASAKI AYAMI

An important calling in the eyes of many persons in Japan, especially among the lower classes, is that of fortune-telling. Walk through the streets inhabited by the poorer classes of any large city, and you are sure to see a little raised stand, on which sits a fortune-teller, with his small bundle of bamboo divining-rods in front of him, which he shuffles, with many incantations, when called upon to answer some important question. Since the commencement of the present hostilities the services of these uranaija (fortune-tellers) have been much in favour; they are visited by scores of people anxious to appease the war god's anger—to learn the fate of some loved one at the front, and to ensure the safe return of their heroes. I will give you but one among several instances that have been cited to me.

A scene in a Japanese lady's boudoir: Dispensing with the aid of the professional hairdresser in order to swell the war fund

Hairdressers are dispensed with by the Japanese ladies now the war is on, and the money saved is devoted to the war fund. As a rule, the Japanese ladies indulge in elaborate coiffures. Now, however, since they have to care for their raven tresses themselves, a simple coil suffices, the picturesque loops and gay hairpins and combs being, for the time, done away with

A Sacrificial Fowl

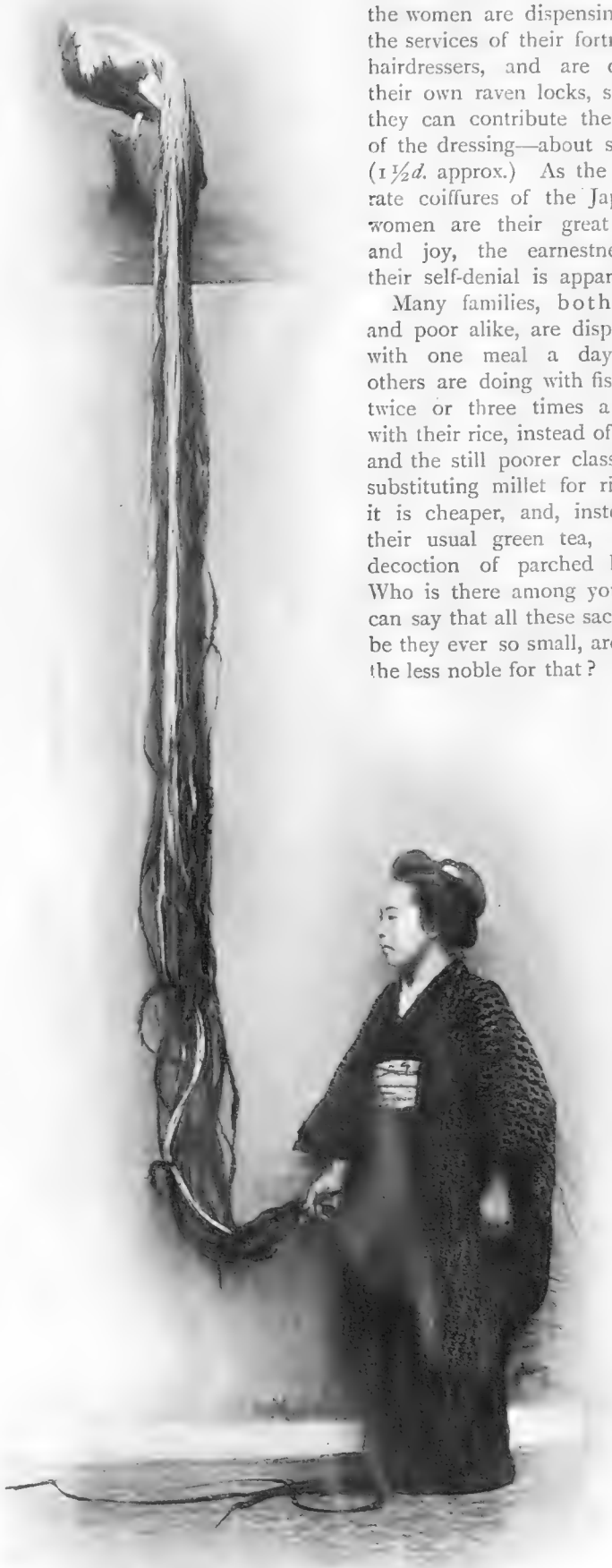
In June of this year, Ito Tachibana, one of the reserves living in the little hamlet of Yamada, joined his regiment, leaving behind him a young wife and infant son in the care of his aged father. To add to the distress of these poor people, a week had not elapsed after Tachibana's departure when his baby fell seriously ill, and all medical aid seemed unavailing in relieving his sufferings. In a frenzy of grief and despair, the old grandfather betook himself to a fortune teller to discover, through his means, the causes and cure for their sorrow. The seer, thus appealed to, revealed to the old man the fact that the household gods were angry with his family for the attention and favour they showed a pet long-tailed cock of theirs, that in many cases they had neglected their Lares and Penates in favour of this fowl, and that the only course now open to them for propitiating the gods was to dispose of the animal to some bird-fancier, and devote the proceeds to the war funds; advice that was promptly acted upon by these simple folk—though it meant the sacrifice of their most treasured possession.

Precious Tails

Few things in Japan are more curious or ornamental than the long-tailed cocks, which have been bred for centuries in the Tosa provinces, but even there, good specimens are comparatively rare, and the birds must have great attention for the preservation of their tail feathers, which average from eleven to sixteen feet in length—unlike their brothers of ordinary barnyard birth, these cocks may not strut about freely, but are kept on perches in high narrow cages, and when taken out for a little exercise, their tails are either bound up in soft paper or held up by a man so the feathers are not roughened or injured in any way.

There can be little doubt that as the war progresses, and further urgent appeals are made for money to succour and help the families of poorer soldiers, one must hear of still greater sacrifices on the part of the people, and it is the women of Japan who have, and will take the lead in acts of self denial, that all add their mite to the country. In many cases the women are dispensing with the services of their fortnightly hairdressers, and are doing their own raven locks, so that they can contribute the price of the dressing—about six sen (1½*d.* approx.) As the elaborate coiffures of the Japanese women are their great pride and joy, the earnestness of their self-denial is apparent.

Many families, both rich and poor alike, are dispensing with one meal a day, and others are doing with fish only twice or three times a week with their rice, instead of daily, and the still poorer classes are substituting millet for rice, as it is cheaper, and, instead of their usual green tea, use a decoction of parched barley. Who is there among you who can say that all these sacrifices, be they ever so small, are none the less noble for that?



A Japanese long-tailed cock, a much-prized bird, sold, and the proceeds given to the war fund

This particular bird has a tail sixteen feet long, and is the one which was sold by the father of Ito Tachibana, a reservist, in order to devote the proceeds to the war fund

CONCERNING SIR JOHN GORST

(NO. 54 OF THE SERIES)

Mediocrity, say the oracles of our political life, is the only sure road to success in public affairs in this country; and they strengthen their assertion by pointing to numerous leading men of both parties whom it would be too bad to name here. Very clever men, they admit, do manage to rise to the top; but not in great numbers. Assuming that any given Parliament contains the generous allowance of a dozen very clever men, it is safe to say that not more than two of them will ever rise to supreme honours in the State. The others will be found out. Sooner or later the cloven hoof of intellect will show itself, and the possessor of the uncanny power of facing facts and evolving ideas in accordance with them will be detected in the act, and will fall under the ban of his less morbidly-constituted fellows. The Bore, whose perpetual dictatorship no man may challenge with impunity, will cast upon him the oblique regard of suspicion. He will be a marked man, doomed, years before his time, to become what is called an Interesting Figure.

Such is the melancholy teaching of those who watch our political life with a cynical eye; and they have not hesitated to point to the Right Hon. Sir John Eldon Gorst as a striking illustration of their meaning. Assuming its general soundness, we must not forget to add that the mood of the wise man who has not achieved the highest success in politics is not necessarily one of despair. He may even feel a certain satisfaction, not born of Heaven, in watching the miserable plight of those who have won the prize, and found it to consist largely of dust and ashes.

The man of whom it has been said that without him there would have been no Randolph Churchill (and consequently no Winston, *i.e.*, no political sport worth mentioning at the present time) was born at Preston, a town situated in the most uncivilised part of England. There has always been something more than a touch of Lancashire about him, hidden away under that garment of Christian meekness which he delights to wear while dropping poisoned arrows into the camp of his political associates. He has always been prickly to handle. He has always stuck tenaciously to his points, in the face of every sort of opposition. He has always been independent of everybody, from his leader downwards; for, unlike the late Lord Salisbury, who showed a similar tendency in the days of his political youth, Sir John did not "come to heel in due time," as Disraeli said of the rebel who was destined to succeed him.

Few of our public men have had careers to compare with Sir John Gorst's in point of variety. He began his manhood with a Third Wranglership and a Fellowship. Desiring change of scene, and intending to help Bishop Selwyn in his work, he shortly afterwards travelled on a sailing vessel from Liverpool to New Zealand; and becoming convinced, during the voyage, of the advantages of a change yet more far-reaching, he married, on landing, one of his fellow-passengers. The Governor of the Colony, who had very likely never spoken to a Third Wrangler before, at once offered him the post in which, we may suppose, mathematical ability was most needed: that of Civil Commissioner in the Native District of Waikato.

The Civil Commissioner met with highly uncivil treatment at the hands of a hostile section among the natives, who were determined to get rid of British domination, and of Mr. Gorst. They succeeded better than the University of Cambridge seems likely to do in a similar attempt; for the Commissioner had to leave hurriedly in the end, and seek safety with Sir Duncan Cameron and his forces. The Maori war (to which he was firmly opposed) ended his career as a Colonial administrator. He returned to England, to become a K.C., a law-officer, an organiser of Conservative victory at the polls, and other things.

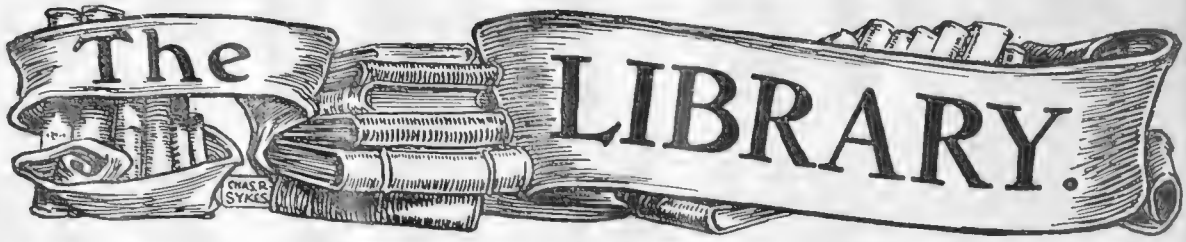
That war, by the way, also ended his career as a working journalist. During his Commissionership he had founded the *Pihoihoi Mokemoke*, a paper devoted (as its name implies) to upholding British influence, and published as a counterblast to the seditious *Hokoi*, which circulated in his district. The office of the loyalist journal was raided, and its type transmuted into Maori bullets.

Sir John has ever been a firm friend of native races, from the Zulu to the British workman. Of all the Tory Democrats, he is the strongest still. What he has done, and the much more that he has sought to do, for the labouring class are what will cause him to be remembered as a statesman, as they have caused him to be distrusted by that section of his party which still maintains, with the contractor in Mr. Shaw's play, that "it only leads to drink and uppishness," and which would not agree with him in his recent declaration of the first aims of Conservative statesmanship: "better housing, better education, more care for the health of children, wiser treatment of the destitute and the unemployed, and prevention of intoxication."

In taking a line of which Sir John Gorst disapproves on the Fiscal question, the Ministerial party may be right or may be wrong; but it is at least worth noting that they are running counter to the advice of the shrewdest political organiser of modern times; of the man who was Disraeli's right hand in the reconstruction of his party after the smash of 1868, and who predicted with startling accuracy the unexpected triumph of his friends in 1874; of the man who was Lord Randolph Churchill's associate and adviser in Fourth Party days and afterwards. If the Tariff Reform enthusiasts at Cambridge think they can make him resign his seat, they are certainly mistaken in their man.

He has been Solicitor-General, Under-Secretary for India, Financial Secretary to the Treasury, Vice-President of the Education Committee, and many smaller things. The few odd moments snatched from his official duties he devotes to painting in oils. If he had been a little more supple, he might have been something more prominent. But he would not have been Sir John Gorst.

Sir John Gorst in his leisure moments



Books to Order this Week

GENERAL LITERATURE

"The Downfall of Russia." By Hugo Ganz. An intimate study of Russia's internal troubles. (Hodder and Stoughton: 6*s.*)

"The Last Letters of Aubrey Beardsley." Edited by the Rev. John Gray. (Longmans: 5*s.* net.)

"Napoleon and England, 1803-1813: A Study from Unprinted Documents." By P. Coquelle; translated by G. D. Knox; with a preface by Dr. J. Holland Rose. (G. Bell and Sons: 5*s.* net.)

"The King's Homeland." By W. A. Dutt. (A. and C. Black: 10*s.* net.)

NEW FICTION

"Nellie Maturin's Victory." By the late Adeline Sergeant. (Hodder and Stoughton: 6*s.*)

"David the Captain." By Arthur S. Way. (Macmillan: 6*s.*)

"Doctor Luke." By Norman Duncan. (Hodder and Stoughton: 6*s.*)

"The Discipline of Christine." By Mrs. Barré Goldie. (Alston Rivers; 6*s.*)

"Hurricane Island." By H. B. Marriott-Watson. (Isbister: 6*s.*)

"Sharks." By Guy Thorne and Leo Custance. (Greening: 6*s.*)

The Latest Books

The King's Homeland
By W. A. Dutt
(A. and C. Black: 10s. net.)

There is no one who has a more intimate knowledge of that beautiful corner of Norfolk in which lies the King's house of Sandringham than Mr. Dutt, nor, indeed, of the whole of that county, which has been said to contain in itself specimens of every kind of scenery that is to be found in England. Consequently, the work before us is not confined to ecstatic descriptions of His Majesty's stables, Her Majesty's kennels, and the like, but is a pleasant and thoroughly informed account, both historical and descriptive, of a most interesting part of England. That corner of Norfolk is rich in old towns, old castles, and old halls. There is, as Mr. Rider Haggard says in his introduction, "the ancient town of Lynn, standing on its flat lands near the sea—Lynn, that was a port before the Norman set foot in England, and remains a port, considerably improved to-day"; there is Castle Rising, very near to Sandringham, still older, of which it was written:

> Rising was a seaport town
> When Lynn was but a marsh;
> Now Lynn it is a seaport town,
> And Rising fares the worse.

And there is Houghton Hall, the great house that Sir Robert Walpole built for himself, of which Mr. Haggard writes:

> It is a huge palace, and splendid in its way, but I think that what always impressed me most about it is the fact that therein was provided a special chamber for drunken grooms—I think it was called the "sot-room." Imagine an establishment conducted on a scale that made such an apartment a specific necessity! One wonders how many chambers were allotted to the sober grooms, but perhaps of these there were none in those good old, but somewhat intemperate, days. It seems very probable.
>
> The designers of this house in which I write at Ditchingham would appear to have taken an old-fashioned Dutch doll's house as their model, with the result that the main three-storied building, as it left their hands, was an exact square, measuring forty feet on each face. Now these, I am told, are the precise measurements of the great hall at Houghton, whence arose the saying that "Ditchingham House will stand in Houghton's Hall."

And, lastly, out of many others, there is the village in whose church is a memorial to "that charming heroine of romance, Pocahontas, whose alliance with John Rolfe, of the ancient family which for centuries has dwelt at Heacham, near Hunstanton, makes of her a Norfolk lady, as well as an Indian princess." Her story is told in the following pages, in which also are described the beauties of a lovely stretch of English scenery. The book is illustrated with thirty-seven full page illustrations, mostly from original drawings by Gordon Home, which add considerably to its attractions.

Doctor Luke
By Norman Duncan
(Hodder and Stoughton: 6s.)

The bleak forelands of Labrador have supplied Mr. Norman Duncan with a fitting *mis-en-scène* for a story that thrills with the warmth of human life, contrasted with the bitter hardships amongst which it is lived—hardships of a cruel sea and a cruel coast, of hunger and cold and danger. "Doctor Luke" is a castaway, a man who has drunk deep of the cup of knowledge, and, perhaps, of sin, and expiates his offences by a life of devotion to the welfare of the primitive people amongst whom he makes his home. There is a very brutal blackguard, one Jaggers, whose influence and wicked designs he has to baffle. Jaggers comes to a terrible end, and Doctor Luke is rewarded with a life-long happiness. The story of these things is not a little thrilling, but the chief charm of Mr. Duncan's writing lies in his sympathetic observation of the people amongst whom, we gather, his youth was spent. There are some delightful characters in the book, noble and simple, and abundantly gifted with

humour. And the way in which the author writes of the sea, which means life as well as frequent death to these coast dwellers, is hardly to be surpassed. One is inclined to say that here is a genuine new note in fiction. At any rate, in spite of some faults, one of which is that the author is over fond of giving false reports of drowning, *Doctor Luke* is a novel to be read.

The Discipline of Christine
By Mrs. Barré Goldie
(Alston Rivers: 6s.)

Christine, as we are first introduced to her, is a lovely child, the daughter of an English father and of a French mother, who has so behaved that she is supposed to be dead. Brought to her father's home at the age of nine, she first of all makes a conquest of her rather terrible old grandmother, and then of a boy rather older than herself, who, Mrs. Goldie never allows you to forget, is an Earl. Later on, in her convent school, Christine is present at the death of her mother, who leaves her a letter to be opened on the eve of her wedding day. The letter, of course, contains a confession, which saves the girl from making a terrible mistake. These somewhat threadbare ingredients are mixed into a story which is interesting all through, and in places enthralling. Mrs. Goldie writes so well, and has such a clever knack of revealing character, that the crudity of her plot may be forgiven her. Her "Miss Keziah" alone would seem to show that her true forte is domestic comedy, and not melodrama. *The Discipline of Christine* is quite worth putting into the next list of books from the library.

Hurricane Island
By H. B. Marriott-Watson
(Isbister and Co.: 6s.)

Mr. Marriott-Watson provides plenty of sensation in this tale of mutiny and shipwreck. The story is told by a young doctor, who accepts a post on the yacht of a millionaire, Mr. Morland, bound for nobody knows where. The mysterious Mr. Morland turns out to be Prince Frederic of Hochburg, eloping with Mlle. Trebizond, a Parisian singer, and assisted by Princess Alix, his sister. The million of treasure which he carries with him makes excuse for the story of mutiny, which is told in the most stirring of fashions. Eventually the Prince and the singer are killed off, and the ship's doctor sails off with the Princess and the treasure, leaving what remain of the mutineers on Hurricane Island. "We are going home, dear heart," whispers the doctor to the Princess on the last page, which indicates the veil of sentimentality that has previously softened the scenes of fighting and bloodshed.

Books to Appear Shortly

It is rumoured, on excellent authority, that Mr. Winston Churchill has written the life of his father, and that part of it, at least, is already in type. This is a book that has been in the air, so to speak, for at least two years past, the original statement being discredited by the fact—as explained by the family, and especially by the Dowager Duchess of Marlborough (Mr. Winston Churchill's grandmother)—that the papers of Lord Randolph Churchill were not then in his son's possession, and that they would not be made available to him for such a purpose. It is possible, however—as the *Athenæum* observed, in referring to the rumours which were being circulated regarding the memoir some months ago—"that deaths in the family and other changes may have modified what was, at that time, the opinion of the Marlborough family—that the time had not yet come for writing the biography of Lord Randolph Churchill." In any case, the forthcoming book is sure to be a brilliant piece of work.

Quite a number of long-delayed memoirs are expected to enliven the book world next year. It is a pity that *The Life and Letters of Lord Beaconsfield*—after waiting so many years to see the light—could not have been prepared in time for the centenary celebration on the 21st inst., but it is something to know that the work is now being pushed forward with the least possible delay. It is also hoped that the third volume of Bismarck's memoirs will be issued shortly, for it has been announced that the death of Prince Herbert Bismarck—who deemed it prudent to leave the volume unpublished during his lifetime—has removed all hindrance to its appearance. The book should contain much lively reading, for it contains the Iron Chancellor's account of his famous quarrel with his "young master," the Kaiser. It remains to be seen, however, whether there is a German publisher daring enough to publish these revelations.

There is another sealed book which was at one time eagerly awaited, but the year has passed when it might have been published, and now it is practically forgotten. This is the secret collection of Lord Byron's letters, with the full statement of the poet's unhappy marriage, written by his life-long friend, Lord Broughton. The document was never published, but, at his death, Lord Broughton left one copy of it to his daughter, Lady Dorchester, and the other to the trustees of the British Museum—together with the Byron correspondence. That was in 1869, the whole collection being deposited on the understanding that nothing was to be opened until 1900. When 1900 arrived, however, the Museum authorities declared that the documents were of no public interest, so that the secret is still guarded as closely as ever, and it seems likely to remain so indefinitely.

Poor old England seems to be the only enemy that the foreign novelist can think of when he takes to imagining wars of the future. The German author who predicted a war—in a novel published early in the season—which would lead to the entry of the Kaiser into London at the head of an invading army, has been followed by an American novelist—at least, we presume he is an American—with a romance of a tremendous conflict which is to take place some years hence between England and the United States. The author is Mr. James Barnes, who calls his book *The Unpardonable War*. Various new and wonderful explosives, mainly American, play an important part in these imaginary operations, and we are told the "one curious result is an old-fashioned charge in the open, and a battle with swords and bayonets, the ammunition on both sides being nullified." Messrs. Macmillan are publishing the book.

Another and more useful book from America will shortly be published by Messrs. Putnam under the title of *Out of Work*. This is a study of the unemployed problem as it affects the United States, but it should contain some helpful hints to our own authorities. The author, Frances A. Kellor, and twelve assistants, visited some hundreds of employment agencies in the big cities of America, both as would-be workers and as employers, and their investigation led to revelations which may have lessons to teach on this side of the Atlantic.

Some Christmas Books for Children

Waiting their turn to sing
From "The Adventures of Cock Robin and his Mate" (Cassell's)

Boys and girls are, indeed, well catered for nowadays in the matter of literature. A note of doubt is occasionally heard as to whether the elaborate works produced for their pleasure are as greatly valued as were the few simply-prepared books which formed the library of their fathers and mothers, but it can be readily solved by anyone who takes the trouble to observe a book-loving twentieth century child with its favourites. It will be seen that they are as dearly loved as were the books of a generation ago, and the only difference is that, with the large number of books published to-day, the favourites of one child may not be known to another.

Without a doubt, children, at whatever date they may happen to have been born, would eagerly welcome the series of animal autobiographies published by Messrs. A. and C. Black. The two before us, *The Dog*, by G. E. Mitton, and *The Rat*, by G. H. A. Hewett, are delightful stories, showing intimate knowledge of the ways of the animals whose varied careers they recount, the former weaving a fascinating tale out of the vicissitudes of its hero, the latter written with abundant humour and charm. Both are illustrated with full-page coloured plates, and are beautifully got up. *William Tell Told Again*, by P. G. Wodehouse, is a not over successful attempt at humour of a kind which seems out of place in this connection. Children are deeply serious beings, and we have a notion that to re-write one of their favourite romances in a vein of comic extravagance will appeal to them as a rather "silly" idea. But the coloured plates by Philip Dadd are really funny and very cleverly drawn. *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, issued by the same firm, with the original woodcuts and coloured plates besides, ought to be a success, for its enormous popularity was not merely due to its timeliness as a political tract. It is a pleasure to re-read the old story in this form.

From a Book of Nursery Rhymes, published by Dean and Sons

Baa Baa Black Sheep

DESIGNED BY WILL KIDD

For genuine, unforced humour, perhaps, there are no books about children to-day which equal the chronicles of the engaging Bastable family, as told by E. Nesbit. *The New Treasure Seekers* (Fisher Unwin) contains thirteen stories as good as any that have gone before them. The more one reads of these very real children—Oswald, the naïvely sententious recounter of their adventures; Noël, the poet; H.O., the lovable youngest; and the rest of them—the more one likes them. It is to be hoped that the author will have plenty more to tell us about the Bastables.

A book that is sure to be welcome to children living in the country, who are alive to everything that goes on around them, is Mr. R. Kearton's *The Adventures of Cock Robin and his Mate* (Cassell and Co., Ltd.) Mr. Kearton is well known as a close and careful observer of wild life, and of bird life in particular, and his photographs from nature, of which there are over a hundred reproductions in this book, show some astonishing results. It would not be easy to find a better book than this to give to a child, whose love of a story would be amply gratified by that of Cock Robin, and whose observation of the life of the birds and beasts around him would receive a stimulus such as would be difficult to overrate.

Their top note
From "The Adventures of Cock Robin and his Mate" (Cassell's)

From Messrs. Dean and Son, Ltd., come an attractive series of picture books, those for small children printed on "untearable" paper. *Sinbad the Sailor* and *Humpty's Trip*, with coloured pictures by A. Hanslip and R. P. Gossop, will be welcome in every nursery, and *The Darkies' A B C*, designed by Vernon Barrett, is just the sort of alphabet that will teach a small child its letters with the least possible expenditure of irritation. A new translation of *Shock-headed Peter*, from the same firm, is not so likely to catch on. It is no better than the old, and the pictures with which it is embellished are not likely to supersede the originals in any way. *Old Nursery Rhymes Dug up at the Pyramids* is full of funny pictures, and contains some capital additional verses by Oliver Booth.

From Messrs. Ward, Lock and Co. we have received *The Wonderful Electric Elephant*, by Frances Trego Montgomery, a story of magic and adventure, and *Rataplan: A Rogue Elephant*, by Ellen Velvin, in which there are more of those animal stories which are now becoming so popular. These are excellent ones, and deal not only with the elephant, but with all sorts of other beasts as well. The coloured plates, by Gustave Verbeck, are exceedingly well done, and the book may be confidently recommended as a Christmas present.

Turning from children's books, we have received *As Down of Thistle*, by Arthur Wenlock (Alston Rivers: 3*s.* 6*d.*) This is a striking story, of which the scenes, laid in South Africa during the war, are as realistic as anything that has yet been written of those troubled times. The chapter on "The Pomp of War" is a piece of realism which brings forcibly before one the squalor and boredom of a campaign, and the daily life of the combatants, so far removed from the accepted traditions of honour and glory. The scenes, too, in the veldt farmhouse, where the invalided subaltern falls deeply in love with the Boer maiden who nurses him, are well written. Perhaps the author would have done better to leave out the theological matter which in some way, not very easy to understand, leads to the final tragedy, and to have relied on his experience of those terrible months in South Africa for his interest, for these are what gives his book its value. But, loosely strung together as the story is, it contains scenes that will not readily be forgotten.

Gossip About Books and Their Makers

Mr. and Mrs. Felkin

This week, in the language of the modern impresario, I "present" another distinguished literary couple. When "Kate of Kate Hall" appeared some months ago I had something to say about it, so I need not repeat myself beyond reminding my reader—and even this seems unnecessary—that the novel mentioned is the first fruit of the literary partnership between the lady who, as Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler, scored so memorable a success with "Isabel Carnaby" six years ago, and her husband, Mr. A. L. Felkin, to whom she was married last year. While Mr. Felkin hails from the East Midlands, having been born on December 29, 1856, at Beeston, near Nottingham, and not far from the scenes of Kirke White's pensive poetry, his wife's family has long been associated with the western confines of "the green Midlands," where begins "the Black Country," with which part of old England much of her writing deals. I suspect, from the fact that Mr. Felkin went to school at Wolverhampton, where Miss Fowler lived chiefly up to the time of her marriage, that their acquaintance dates back to the sunny days of youth, though I am sure that all days must be sunny still to Mrs. Felkin if her bright and cheerful stories afford any index to her character. Mr. Felkin, who had a distinguished career at Oxford, is well known as the senior assistant-master of Eltham College, where the future officers of our navy are schooled. His only venture in the field of fiction before his marriage was a novel entitled "My Heart and Lute," which appeared in 1901 under the *nom de guerre* of "A. St. Laurence."

Photo by *Russell*

Mr. A. L. Felkin, M.A.

Author of "My Heart and Lute," and joint author of "Kate of Kate Hall"

The Ways of Authors

How differently do our eminent authors achieve their results. Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler is among the fortunate few who write with ease and precision. "A cosy chair, a pencil, and a pad are all I need," she says; "I never re-write." Happy Mrs. Felkin! I should have been ready to credit several very popular novelists with this "fatal facility," but not the author of "The Farringdons," whose work is always so pleasantly rounded that one would have supposed it to be laboriously achieved. Kipling has confessed to re-writing a story seven times, and most of our literary mentors are insistent on the need to "write and re-write." But Mr. Barrie says in his preface to the "Thistle" edition of "A Window in Thrums" that the book was written "less by me than by an impulse from behind. And so it wrote itself, very quickly. I have read that I re-wrote it eight times, but it was written once only, nearly every chapter, I think, at a sitting." We all are familiar with the stories of the incredible pains taken by Guy de Maupassant, a score of times being (so 'tis alleged) no unusual amount of revision for him. No wonder he went out of his mind. But I doubt if one should believe all one hears about the pains of authors. Thus, I read some time back in (I think) the New York *Bookman*, that Mr. Maurice Hewlett's method of writing a romance is "somewhat unusual." He carefully prepares the manuscript of his book just as though it were to be handed over to the printer. Then he puts it in the fire, and callously watches it burn to ashes. Again he begins, and writes his whole novel over once more with the same studious care, and again he puts it in the fire. For the third time he writes it, but now, to break the monotony of the burning business, I suppose, he summons up courage to give it to his publisher. You remember the story of the man who, in mistake, went up to another in the street and said, "Mr. Smiffkins, I believe." To which the other replied, "If you believe that you will believe anything." It seems an apt anecdote to commend to the attention of the editor of the New York *Bookman*.

French Authors in England

An interesting book might be written about the visits and residence of French authors in England. Many of the most famous names in French literature, from Voltaire to Zola, would come into such a chronicle—Victor Hugo among the rest, for one might stretch "England" to include the Channel Islands. The thought occurred to me the other day in reading a fascinating new work by the brilliant son-in-law of the late Francisque Sarcey, M. Adolphe Brisson. It is

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The Resignation of Dr. Warre

AN APPRECIATION OF THE FAMOUS "HEAD" BY A PRESENT ETON BOY

It was with the profoundest regret that all connected with Eton heard last month of Dr. Warre's intended resignation at the end of next Midsummer half.

Dr. Warre's announcement has called forth much comment from all quarters, none more, however, than from the boys themselves, whose opinion on the subject, as one of them, I am enabled to give by the Editor's courtesy.

Firstly, their sentiments are those of severe misfortune at losing their "Head," who, during all the years that he has governed the school, has never failed to evince the keenest interest in the doings of Etonians, both in work and play. Although a rowing man, he derives great pleasure from watching cricket, and is a regular spectator at all school matches. He was chiefly instrumental in obtaining the vast expanse of Agar's Plough for the school, that there might be more room for athletic pursuits. He had a long and brilliant career in the Eton College Volunteers, of which he is now Honorary Colonel.

Thoughts of the Future

Next comes the thought of "How will the next Headmaster commend himself to us in comparison with Dr. Warre?" Already there are apprehensions here that the newcomer may, perhaps, cause some unwelcome changes in the *régime* of the school. Will he abolish the Beagles? Dr. Warre has always supported this flourishing pack, ever since he came into office; he has defended it against the persistent, but futile, attacks of opponents of the sport, and we are fearful lest his successor may be less independent with regard to the Eton College Hunt. Nevertheless, if the new Headmaster allows the Beagles to continue, he will justly gain in popularity with the school.

Imperishable Institutions

There are several institutions which we feel cannot be done away with—Saints'-Day holidays, for example, and "Hoisting." (This consists in hoisting shoulder-high, and carrying up and down the street, winners of races on the river, and the eight and the eleven, if they are successful at Henley or Lords', amid the boisterous cheers of the spectators). These are time-honoured customs which have been observed for very many years. Some people think that it would be a good thing to cut down the amount of "leave," that

Photo by *Pilkington*

"The Playing Fields of Eton" as viewed from Dr. Warre's study

Photo by *Pilbington*

A characteristic portrait of Dr. Warre in his study

Photo by *Pilkington*

Dr. Warre's study, in which interviews, pleasant and unpleasant, take place

highly-valued privilege of taking one or two days' holiday during each half; it is fervently hoped that no such change will be made. But whoever the new "Head" may be, and whatever changes he may make, Etonians are one and all agreed that a better "Head" than Dr. Warre cannot be found.

Dr. Warre is in every way an ideal Headmaster; he is firm but kind-hearted; strength and vigour are portrayed in every line of the noble figure; his voice is the deep, imposing voice of a strong man, and his commands are not to be disobeyed with impunity. He is ever ready to forgive and forget, as the following story will show: A boy was one day "swiped" by him, and three weeks later again appeared before him charged with a similar offence; on the second occasion Dr. Warre said, "I will deal lightly with you this time, as it is your first offence."* Dr. Warre justly deplores the increasing idleness of the present day; he would have every Etonian do some good in the world, and make a name for himself, and not, as so many young men do, live a useless life of pleasure, thinking of nobody but themselves. His motto is truly, "Floreat Etona!" Those who have come into contact with Dr. Warre must number many thousands, of whom there is not one who is not genuinely sorry that he is giving up the post which he has so capably held for the last twenty years. All Etonians, present and past alike, will, I am sure, unanimously wish him many years of that peaceful retirement to which he is so justly entitled.

[* The example quoted by our young friend is open to misconstruction as an instance of "Forgive and Forget." It seems as though the Doctor forgot first and forgave afterwards.—ED.]

The Strand Savoyard

An imposing addition has recently been made to the monuments of London. The large bronze-gilt statue, which was erected last week over the Strand approach to the Savoy Hotel, is more than fourteen feet from the top of the spear to the base. It is the work of Mr. F. Lynn Jenkins, and represents Peter, Count of Savoy, and uncle of Eleanor, Queen of Henry III. of England. When Count Peter came to England, King Henry bestowed upon him the title of Earl of Richmond, and also the land on which, in 1245, Peter built the Savoy Palace. For this land, part of which now forms the site of the Savoy Hotel, the King charged a rental of three barbed arrows every Michaelmas. Earl Peter afterwards bestowed his Palace upon the Fraternity of Mountjoy, from whom Queen Eleanor bought it, and gave it to Edmund, Earl of Lancaster, second son of Henry III., when it became a Royal Palace.

Statue of Count Peter of Savoy, who built the Savoy Palace in 1245

OUR SHORT STORY

THE UNDERSTUDY.

By LAURENCE SAUNDERS

HE turned into the bar, and asked for a drink as one repeating a weary formula. He showed a sallow, dejected face under a bowler whose rakish angle was contradicted by an indefinable air of refinement. Presently his eyes lit hopefully upon an actor who elbowed his way confidently through the throng of bar-loungers.

"Hullo, Marlington," he said. "How are things? Have a gargle?"

The invitation meant that he must forego a relish at his next meal for lack of funds, but he knew that he could not buttonhole his man unless he drank with him.

"Thanks, Hathaway, old chap, I don't mind if I do. I'm rehearsing again."

"What is it this time?"

"'Sir Crosby,' in *A Master of Millions*."

"Parts all filled, I suppose."

"I believe 'Arturio' is still going."

"The very part for me! Suit me down to the ground. Whose crowd is it?" Hathaway was all eagerness, though he did not know the play, except by hearsay.

"Jimmy Harlake's running the show this journey."

"Where are you rehearsing?"

"At the 'Pigs in Clover,' St. Martin's Lane."

"Well, I'll come up and see Harlake to-morrow. When's the call?"

"'Leven o'clock. You needn't tell him I said anything about it."

Here Hathaway's guest frankly dismissed him by turning to chat with another acquaintance, while Hathaway's drooping hope fluttered round the "Pigs in Clover."

Next morning found him ascending the stairs of that public-house towards a scene of animated chatter, which he knew excluded him so cheerfully and entirely that he hated the idea of interrupting it. There were fifteen of Mr. Harlake's "crowd" collected in a long, inhospitable looking room. One end of the room was piled with forms, chairs and trestles; at the other was a cottage piano in a green baize cover. Marlington was in the group by the draped piano; his greeting was the slightest of nods, and, indeed, the entrance of the newcomer was hardly noticed. Hathaway's heart sank at the sight of the manager, whom he remembered to have seen in Maiden Lane publicly and unsparingly called to account by an angry actor whose salary he had failed to pay.

"Mr. Harlake, I believe?" Hathaway diffidently accosted him.

"That's my name."

"I believe you have the part of 'Arturio' still going."

"Well?"

"I think I could play it."

"Oh, you do, do you? What have you done?"

Assuredly he had not much experience. He tried to make the most of the few small parts with which cautious managers had entrusted him from time to time, but he was either too unimaginative or too conscientious to invent a few important "juvenile leads" on the spur of the moment. Mr. Harlake frowned.

"Why, you've had no experience. You're no good to me."

"Well, will you let me read the part to-day?"

"How much do you want?"

"I am asking—ah—two pounds ten."

This was desperation indeed. He had nerved himself to ask nearly twice as much as he expected—a feeble travesty of the indispensable bluff—but was met with scorn.

"Two pounds ten! Nonsense! You don't expect me to pay two pounds ten a week to a man who has had no experience. I'll give you thirty shillings if you suit me. Will you take it?"

"All right—I must."

"Have you any private means?"

"No—not now."

The part was given him, a dingy, typewritten booklet, bound in brown paper. He found that he did not come on until the second act, and tried to study his few lines while the first act was in progress. But even yet he had not grown accustomed

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to these scenes. He found himself fascinated by the vivid dramatic power (as it seemed to him) of the other actors as they rehearsed their parts, and wondered if he could ever "let himself go" like that. He was fascinated also by the increased importance with which the comfortable little figure of the manager had invested itself as he moved about, suggesting, scolding, ordering and countermanding. The shifty eyes seemed less shifty with the fire of interest, almost enthusiasm, behind them: Hathaway wondered if the man were a scoundrel after all. But as the first act drew to a close a horrible feeling of nervousness and incapacity overcame the young actor. Presently the second act began, and at his cue Hathaway read a few lines in what seemed to him stentorian tones.

"Oh, what's the good of that? Speak *out!*" The manager was warming to his work. "Just read those lines again, and let it go."

His fellow-actors looked on pleased at his discomfiture. He threw out his chest and bellowed forth the words in a voice that he thought would reach to the remotest corners of any gallery; but Harlake only shrugged his shoulders and looked extremely ill-used. At the end of the act he said:

"You can't use your voice. You've got the voice all right, but you don't know how to use it."

"Well, I'm so beastly nervous and —"

"Oh, I'm not going to pay you to be nervous. It's no good telling me that."

"Let me take the part home and study it. I shall be able to do better to-morrow, when I have given it a look over."

Permission being grumblingly given, Hathaway took the part home with him, resolving at least to deserve some encouragement at the next day's rehearsal. But the manager hectored him as before, while the company regarded with evident approval a discipline to which they were not liable. At last, after a particularly heroic effort on his part, the manager pulled him up.

"You know, you're no good to me. I can get a guinea an hour for elocution lessons. Why should I pay thirty bob a week to a man who can't act?"

"But I can speak all right in a theatre. I know I can do it when it comes to acting."

"Oh, it's all very well to say you'll be 'all right on the night.' I want you to act it *now*."

Still, he was allowed to try again the next day, by which time he had mastered his lines, and had gained a little confidence. He even roused some smouldering glow of compassion in the breast of the "heavy lead," whose encouragement usually goes far with the inexperienced actor.

"You'll be all right," he said. "Don't you mind Harlake. He's an old scoundrel, but you must stick out for what you want."

The next day was Friday, and, as the company was to start on tour the following Sunday, Hathaway thought it about time the bargain was finally clinched, so somewhat timorously sounded the manager on the subject.

"I suppose I may consider myself engaged, Mr. Harlake?"

Mr. Harlake shrugged his shoulders, as who should say, "I suppose you must, but I cannot help it."

"Is it all right about the thirty shillings?"

"Oh, no! I can't give you that."

"Well—but, you know I must pay my landlady if I go on tour."

"You can pay your landlady on less than that. I'll give you twenty-five. You're no good to me at all. You know no more about acting than a pig knows of thunder."

Pig or less than pig, it was not Harlake's fault if Hathaway did not know something of managerial thunder by this time, but the fact remains that if he had taken the advice of Beverley Crayne, the heavy lead, and refused to play the part for less than thirty shillings the manager would have sulkily given in. As it was, he accepted the terms offered him, feeling, as he said, "too disheartened to show the spirit of a mouse."

On the following Friday he went to the theatre in the course of the morning, to see if there were any letters for him, and found several members of the company there in earnest conversation together. He had not yet acquired sufficient assurance to thrust himself upon them uninvited, but read his letters under a gas-jet at the side of the dreary, vacant stage. Presently one of his acquaintances approached him.

"Have you heard about Beverley Crayne!" he asked.

"No," said Hathaway. "What's wrong?"

"Throat's given out. He's as hoarse as a crow."

"I thought he was rather husky last night. Who is understudying him."

"Nobody at present, but I hear that Harlake has fixed on you for the job."

"Me! Oh, rot! I can fancy Harlake wanting me to understudy the lead!"

"It's right, though. Straight! Rempstone told me so just now."

Rempstone, the stage manager, appeared upon the word.

"Good morning, Hathaway, I was looking for you. Mr. Harlake wants you to understudy Beverley Crayne. I should advise you to begin studying at once as his throat is rather bad, and you may have to read the part to-night."

"Wants *me* to understudy Crayne? You must be mistaken!"

"Oh, no. He told me that he particularly wanted you to do it. You must try and be ready by to-morrow. I don't suppose Crayne's throat will hold out."

"Then shall I have to play it next week?"

The stage manager smiled. "No," he said, "I think he will be all right after a couple of nights' rest."

Even had Hathaway known that he was perfectly free to refuse, he would probably not have done so; he felt flattered at the honour so suddenly thrust upon him, the youngest actor in the company. It seemed a strange contradiction of the manager's scathing reproach during rehearsals, but perhaps this signified Harlake's desire to make amends. "I told him I could speak all right in a theatre," thought Hathaway, "and he said I did not know how to use my voice."

An afternoon spent in study convinced him of the immensity of his task, for the part was a prodigiously

"Oh, what's the good of that? Speak out! Just read those lines again, and let it go"

long one. But the words of congratulation and encouragement he received at the theatre in the evening, and the obligation openly expressed by the manager, made him feel that he was now an important member of the company, and as such could count upon the disinterested support of the others. It was not necessary for him to assume the leading part that night, but it was clear that Crayne would be unable to perform the following day.

"I shall be no good to-morrow, old chap," said he, as Hathaway wished him good-night. "If you don't know the lines you must read them."

"Oh, I hope you'll be all right," replied Hathaway, with ill-concealed insincerity, "but I'll see what I can do with them."

"Well, it's awfully good of you. I only wish you had had longer notice."

Hathaway wished the same—most devoutly. But he determined to make the best use of the time that remained—the night only, for there was a rehearsal at eleven o'clock the following day, and a *matinée* at two.

A brew of strong tea with his supper took the place of the customary stout, and he immediately settled down to study. After a time he was surprised to find how quickly he could commit the lines to memory; as the night wore on he absorbed page after page of speeches, cues and stage directions, with a success that gave a marvellous zest to the undertaking. Patiently he plodded on till half-past seven in the morning, when he felt that he had mastered the part to his satisfaction, and went to bed, utterly wearied out, for a couple of hours' sleep.

As the night wore on he absorbed page after page of speeches, cues and stage directions

Punctually at eleven o'clock he arrived at the theatre, fresh and eager in spite of his vigil, to find Rempstone there before him.

"Well, Hathaway," said the stage manager, "you will have to read it this afternoon. Crayne can't speak."

"Read, did you say? I shall do nothing of the kind!" replied the young actor with confidence. "I know it."

"Know it?"

"Yes. Studied all night, till half-past seven this morning."

"Well, if you know it, all I can say is, as a quick study you fairly take the bun!"

But Hathaway's confidence was destined to be short-lived. He very soon found that to stand on a more or less crowded stage and say the correct lines without effort of memory, at cues coming in entirely unexpected places, was vastly different from repeating the part in the solitude of his own room. At about the middle of the first act his "fluffing" was so flagrant that Rempstone interposed.

"I say, old chap, I think you had better read it outright. You need not be ashamed; you have done splendidly, but it will never do to hesitate like that."

"Well, I'm afraid I must," Hathaway admitted, "but I knew it perfectly last night."

"Yes, I daresay. I think you have studied it wonderfully in the time. But you see, it's one thing to know a part and another to have it at your fingers' ends."

So the tyro had to climb down. He looked to see the relish for his discomfiture in the faces of his fellow-actors, but, strangely enough, he did not find it. The whole affair wore for them an aspect of seriousness; moreover, the doggedness of his attack had disarmed their superiority. Still, it was with humiliation that he read the part from the typewritten book, but when the last act had been hurried through he found himself among encouraging friends.

"Never you mind, old chap," said the man who had first told him of his selection for the understudy; "you've done yourself proud, I don't care what anyone says."

"That's right," added Rempstone, "and, what's more, you've done yourself a bit of good, my boy, to-day, and don't you forget it! Harlake won't forget you, nor will Crayne. Come and have some lunch."

Hathaway felt that a certain meretricious glamour had been cast over his heroism, but was encouraged notwithstanding. He had not much appetite for lunch, but the cool confidence of the stage manager reassured him, and by the time he returned to the theatre he had become quite reconciled to his half-measure of success. It was with a feeling of apprehension that he stood behind the curtain while Rempstone, "craving the kind indulgence" of the audience, briefly explained matters; but when the curtain rose, and Hathaway made his entrance, early in the first act, the house encouraged him generously and unmistakably. He felt as if he had already "got across the footlights," and began his lines with a confidence which never flagged throughout the performance, except when he tried to speak without his book. Then it seemed that the whole effort of the previous night had been wasted—he could not remember a line. Quickly realising this, he devoted

himself to making the reading as effective as possible, with the satisfying result that, on the curtain rising for "picture" after the last act, when he stood alone on the stage, the audience was almost enthusiastic.

"Well," said Rempstone, "what do you think about playing it to-night?" Hathaway tried to detect sarcasm, but could not find a suspicion.

"Not much!" he replied, "I'll make the most of what I've got."

"Just as well you should. You'd most likely be 'fluffing' all the evening, and you did all right this afternoon."

With the assistance of tea, bovril, and brandy-and-soda, the evening performance was gone through satisfactorily, though Hathaway noticed with misgiving that the house was a poor one. He realised that his reception in the afternoon was not owing to the merit of his performance, but to the generous acknowledgment by a British audience of a gallant effort. The day had been a trying one after the night of study, and when the "show" was over Hathaway found himself in the dressing-room with Crayne.

"Well," he said disconsolately, "I daresay I've made a fool of myself."

"Not at all, my dear chap," Crayne assured him, "you've done uncommon well."

"Oh, I ought not to have taken on the job. It was impossible."

"Of course, it was impossible to study the part in one night, but you have done the best that could be done, and you deserve the thanks of the whole crowd."

"Yes, that's just it," retorted Hathaway, bluntly, "I've relieved them of the responsibility. If I had known more I'd have shied at it."

"Anyhow you have nothing to reproach yourself with, and then—there's the experience."

This was, of course, incontrovertible, but Hathaway wished that the experience might be repeated when he was ripe for the performance. Crayne, however, refused to oblige him by falling ill again, so the young actor had to be content with such laurels as he had won. Harlake was now his friend, and treated him with unexpected kindness and courtesy, while his fellow-actors extended the right hand of good-fellowship with a cordiality that gave him more confidence than many months of unrecognised toil could have brought him.

So that when they began good-naturedly to chaff him about being a "quick study," he really felt quite at home.

LAURENCE SAUNDERS.

CORRECTED PROVERBS—No. II

"It is sometimes too late to mend"

By Field, Stream & Covert.

Edited by the Hon. L. J. BATHURST

Early Rumours

Though the season is still in its infancy, reports of impending resignations are already being circulated, and unless some happy means be found to induce reconsideration, it looks as if there would be vacancies in several important countries. In the South Oxfordshire country it is an open secret that the increase of wire has led Mr. Barber to meditate a step which would be most deplorable should it be realised. There is only one way of coping with the wire difficulty, to organise a representative committee, which, of course, must be provided with adequate funds to do its duty. In the South Oxfordshire country there can hardly be much difficulty in this respect, and it is to be hoped that no effort will be spared, for Mr. Barber's services to the Hunt have been of an exceptional order. As to rumours of the sort which emanate from other countries, no good purpose could be served by mentioning them by name, though, in the case of a certain pack in the south-west, one cannot refrain from hoping that a more conciliatory spirit will prevail, and that the threatened resignation will be withdrawn.

Victoria, Countess of Yarborough
A well-known follower of the Belvoir Hunt

The Belvoir

So much has been written in praise of the Duke of Rutland's famous pack and the style in which Sir Gilbert Greenall hunts the Belvoir country, that an extended notice is quite superfluous. Suffice it to say that there is every indication of the present season being the best of the present *régime*, and that hounds and horses are better than ever. Though students of Vol. I. of the "Foxhound Stud Book" do not eulogise the methods of the earlier Belvoir records, some sort of kennel book was kept at Belvoir nearly a hundred and fifty years ago, so that the pedigrees of most Belvoir sires can be traced well into the eighteenth century. It was in 1780 that the fourth Duke of Rutland, better known as the Marquis of Granby, of military renown, purchased Mr. Heron's pack from Cheshire, in which the strain of the great Hugo Meynell was predominant, and from that day to this, both for looks and work, the hounds have been seldom equalled, never excelled. Croxton Park is, of course, the fixture for *the* grass country round Melton. Until recently, hounds were there nearly every Wednesday, but now Waltham or Freeby is frequently substituted.

A Famous Day

The Belvoir country has provided so many great runs that the briefest mention of them would fill many columns, but, perhaps, the most noted of all was that on which Mr. Assheton Smith brought his Tedworth pack to Ropsley in 1840. Mr. Hodgson, of the Quorn, and Lord Lonsdale, of the Cottesmore, selected the choicest of their fixtures for the veteran sportsman, so that he could be seen at his very best by the large fields that welcomed his return to Leicestershire. The Quorn day, however, was quite a failure, and, though Mr. Smith showed good sport from Owston Wood, the Cottesmore run was not to be compared with the hunt that he had from Ropsley Rice, in the Belvoir country. From Dick Christian's account, it seems that hounds started on a vixen, and that Mr. Smith, by casting forward, hit off the line of a dog fox. Hounds then ran at a great pace by Ingoldsby, Osgodby, Truham Parks Wood, and Norwood, to Grimsthorpe Oaks, whence they ran on to Dunsby Wood, and there got among fresh

THE BELVOIR FOXHOUNDS: THE PACK

The Belvoir: The meet at Croxton Park
In the centre of the group is seen the Master, Sir Gilbert Greenall

foxes. Will Goodall was the huntsman at Belvoir then, and, while hounds were momentarily at fault, he saw the hunted fox standing still in a ride of a covert; singularly enough, on his return with Mr. Smith, four minutes later, the fox was still there, not having stirred. For all his apparent indifference to danger, however, hounds failed to account for their fox.

The East Kent

One can scarcely term the East Kent country a foxhunter's paradise, for there is a good deal of woodland interspersed with ground that carries but little scent. Still, Mr. H. W. Selby Lowndes has done wonders there since he came down from the wilds of Yorkshire five seasons ago. There was a time when foxes were not preserved any too zealously in that portion of the Garden of England, and then, just as matters seemed to be looking up, a pestilence of mange played sad havoc. Now, however, foxes are plentiful and healthy, while as a sportsman Mr. Lowndes has acquitted himself worthily of his name. To hunt a country like this with success, moreover, one needs to be something more than a mere sportsman, for the south-eastern seaboard boasts of several much-frequented health resorts, whence, take the field, many hunters whose acquaintance with the chase is of a superficial description—considerable tact, therefore, is required to enforce discipline on such subjects. Thanks to Mr. Lowndes' popularity, the country now stands four days a week easily, and so far capital sport has been enjoyed this season.

After the Snow

The cold snap having vanished almost as suddenly as it came on, most packs were able to resume operations on the first day of the month, if not before. It was, perhaps, too much to expect scent to improve much before the frost was quite out of the ground, and in plough countries the land "carried" dreadfully. The Pytchley were the first to resume operations with signal success, excellent sport marking their North Kilworth day, when a fine gallop in the morning from South Kilworth was succeeded by a sharp burst from one of the Stanford Hall coverts; and on the next day the Warwickshire had a fair day at Shuckburgh. In the northern portion of the Shires the snow was much deeper, and hounds were stopped for ten days or more. In the Cottesmore country the gloom cast by inactivity was intensified by grave reports of Mr. Hanbury's health, his accident in the hunting field having been followed by a serious illness; to everyone's relief, however, better accounts were forthcoming with the milder weather.

Irish Notes

In Ireland the frost had disappeared long before the end of last month; the Duhallow and Limerick packs, indeed, were but little interfered with by the weather. The former have been showing some capital sport, and the portion of the Galtee country, which Mr. Baring has taken over this season, on the Limerick side of his country, has proved a decided acquisition. For instance, on the day when hounds were at Emly, in that district, they ran for an hour and a quarter over a fine line of country, making a six-mile point from Knockderk. The U.H.C. wound up November with a splendid day's sport from Keam Bridge, Condonstown supplying the best run, at the end of which horses had had more than enough. Both Mr. Burke in Tipperary, and Mr. Watson with the Meath, have been busy, and the former had two fine runs within a few days of one another, and over much the same country, from Coleman and Flynn's Furze. The Kildare found scent moderate on resuming operations, though matters have since improved somewhat.

The Belvoir: "Gone away" at Stonesby Gorse

WINTER AND ROUGH WEATHER IN THE COVERTS

DRAWN BY A. J. WALL

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"W.G." at Table Cricket

THE DOCTOR AND HIS FAMILY AT PLAY IN HIS GARDEN AT SYDENHAM

Trying to get rid of a difficult batsman. Note the alertness of "the field"

Photos by *Willoughby*

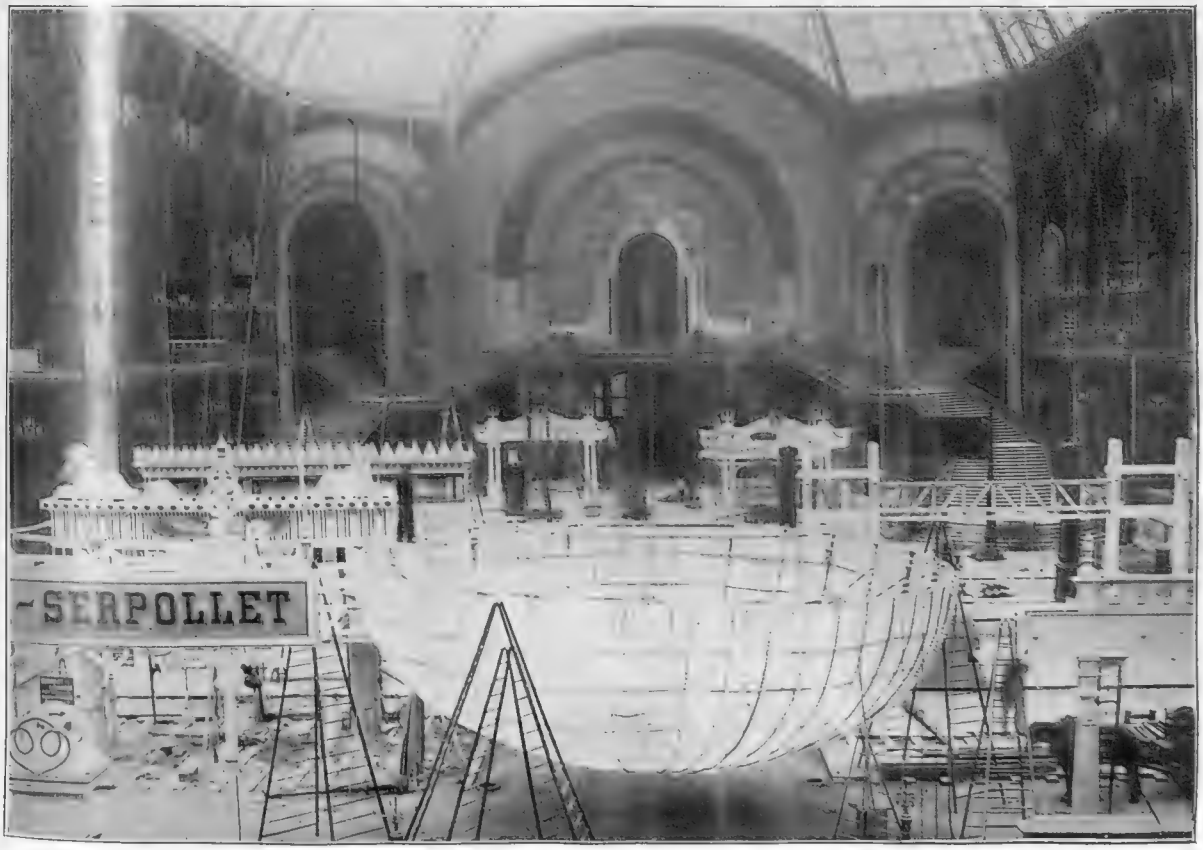
"W.G.," well-set, treats the bowling with confidence

Paris Salon Supplement

Two or three weeks ago I had occasion to refer to this famous annual exhibition, which was opened on December 9 by the Minister of Commerce and Industry. The next issue of this paper will contain, in place of the usual Automobile Notes, a fully illustrated supplement dealing with the principal exhibits in the Grand Palais. All the important French manufacturers are exhibiting, and, in addition to them, a few of our English firms have had the enterprise to cross the water. The time that the Frenchmen choose for their Automobile Salon is undoubtedly a good one, and I cannot help thinking that, from many points of view, it would be better if our big Olympia show opened late in November or early in January. Leaving it till February results, in many cases, in delay in delivering the cars. Many a buyer actually orders at the show, and he must have more chance of receiving his car at the beginning of the fine weather if the manufacturer receives his order at the end of December or early in January.

Side-Slip Correspondence

The recent letters in this journal on "Side-slip," for which I have to thank Mr. Charles Jarrott, Captain Deasy, and Mr. S. F. Edge, have produced a crop of letters from readers giving their opinions and their experiences. The limited space at my disposal each week prevents me from publishing such a number of letters. I have thought it well, therefore, to summarise the views expressed. A consensus of opinion shows that all fixed appliances wear out too soon (motorists are notoriously hard to please), and all slow the car quite 15 per cent. The best made and the most popular appears to be the "Samson" (supplied by Captain Theo Masui, Hanover Court, Hanover Street, London, W.), and to all those who value comfort before speed I recommend these leather treads. Coming next to



Getting ready for the Paris Motor Exhibition: The Grand Palais, just before the opening, on December 9, by the Minister of Commerce and Industry

The Eagle Rock Hill Climb in America: The winning Renault skidding round a sharp turn

M. G. Berwin drove this 60 h.-p. Renault up the mile ascent in 1 min. 20 secs., beating W. K. Vanderbilt's record for the course by 16⅘ secs. Notice the driver correcting the skid by turning the front wheels to the right

detachable non-skids, "Parson's" is most in favour, but one or two of my correspondents complain that the chains blister their covers. I should be glad to hear what the Parson's Non-Skid Company have to say on this point. Both the "L'Empereur" and the "Simplex" have their advocates. This latter, which Messrs. Gamage, of Holborn, supply, is so cheap and easily detached that it merits a trial.

Use the Wheel

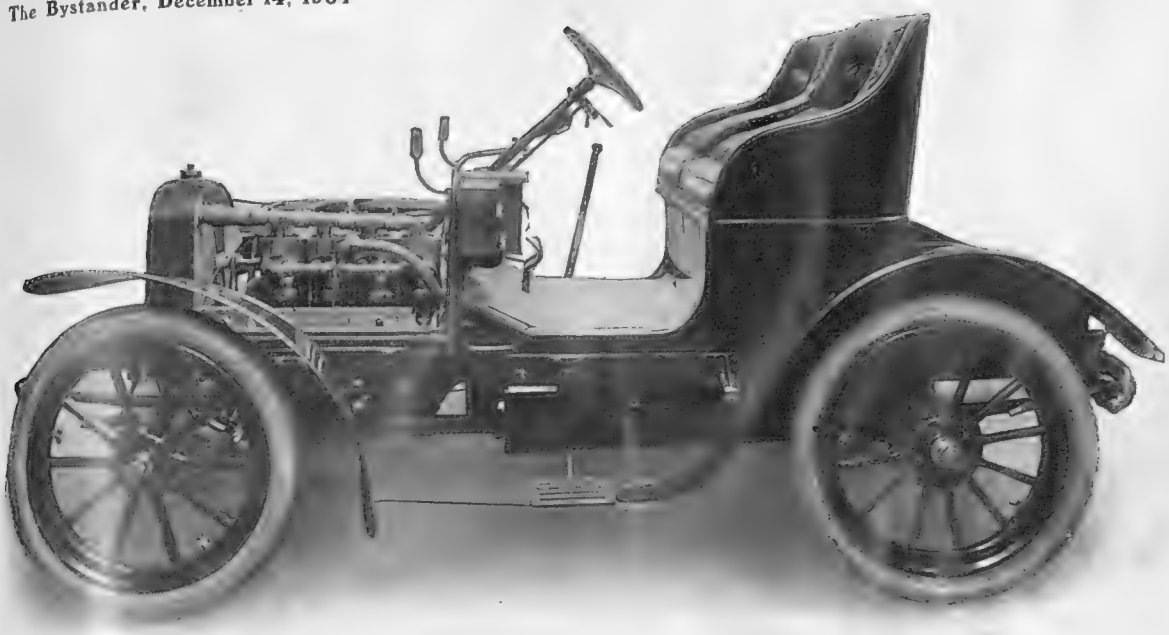
Some of the most practical letters urge the use of the steering wheel. This, to my mind, is the right method; the wheel is the controller of a car, used instantly, and with confidence, a careful driver can, in my humble opinion, negotiate with perfect safety the greasiest roads. Drivers in a big race take corners at a speed well over forty miles an hour. Hugging the inside of the curve, the car skids, even on a hard, dry road, half across the road, maybe; but the skilled driver, unconsciously almost, allows for it with his wheel. Shortly, all that is wanted is practice, but a crowded thoroughfare is not the place to gain experience. Pick out a broad, greasy road (there are plenty of them), at a time when it is free from traffic, and practice. Make the car skid with a jerk of the wheel, then catch her and correct her with the wheel; put the brakes on suddenly, and use the wheel to keep her straight. Practice at first going slowly, and then, as confidence comes, at higher speeds. When the back of the car skids to the left, turn the front wheels to the left, and *vice versâ*, remembering to bring the steering wheels back to the straight as the back of the car straightens. Practice until you acquire the requisite skill; believe me, it is worth having.

Tyres Slack or Tight

On other points, it is generally agreed that the less the tonneau extends beyond the rear wheels the better, that the lighter the weight in the tonneau the more the car skids, but the easier it is to straighten; contrary-wise, the heavier the load on the driving wheels the better they grip, but that a heavily-loaded car once started on a skid is harder to stop. With regard to the degree of inflation of the tyres, much difference of opinion exists, and, personally, I will confess that, as I always pump my driving-wheel tyres hard, I have no opinion to offer. There seems so much divergence of opinion of this point that I publish another letter on this subject from Mr. Charles Jarrott.

The Light Hutton Car

Some weeks ago, in endeavouring to forecast the developments of the coming season, I prophesied that one of its principal features would be the production of cheaper, lighter four-cylinder cars. Since then, no less than five manufacturers have put low-priced four-cylinder cars on the market. Prominent among them is the new light Hutton car. Made in England, it follows well-tried lines, and is in no sense experimental. There are no fads or fancies, there are no dangerous efforts at originality. Three features call for special attention, first the weight with two-seated body is only eleven hundredweight. This, as every motorist knows, means low cost of tyre upkeep and comparative freedom from punctures. Secondly, great flexibility; the car can be driven on the top speed, from five to thirty-five miles per hour. Thirdly, the renowned Renault system of thermo-syphon cooling



The new light Hutton Car, with four-cylinder engine of 12 h.-p. nominal. Price £300

is fitted, thus doing away with all pump complications and troubles.

The Chassis

Set in a strong, stamped steel frame, the motor is of neat appearance; it has four cylinders cast separately, mechanical inlet valves, and is nominally 12 h.-p.; ignition is high tension, a honeycomb radiator, fitted with fan, cools the engine on the thermo-syphon system. The drive is through a simple cone clutch to a gear-box containing the usual three speeds and reverse, thence by cardan shaft to a well-stayed live axle. Metal to metal brakes of the latest internal expanding type complete a sound mechanical production. Those who contemplate spending about £300 on a car should drop a postcard to 81, Shaftesbury Avenue, asking for a trial run.

Kuropatkin Scorches

The weary war in the Far East drags on. Each days' news is much alike. Hundreds are killed and wounded, and the public are almost tired of its deadly monotony. Even the veracious junk stories no longer reach Europe, but as a variation to these comes a motor yarn—a car for the first time in history is being used in actual warfare. General Kuropatkin, whose resourceful tactics have latterly commanded our admiration, has procured a couple of cars. Seated in a 20 h.-p. motor he speeds from one point to another along the almost unwieldy Russian front. The roads in Manchuria, from all accounts, offer little difficulty. Frozen hard, the modern car makes light of their roughness. In this connection it is interesting to note that the Ivel Agricultural Motor Company have produced an armoured car for rescuing the wounded on the battlefield. Verily, nothing nowadays is impossible to the petrol engine.

"The Modern John Gilpin"

In *Punch's* Almanack for 1905 I find a page devoted to "The Modern John Gilpin," a poem describing a non-stop, won't stop, can't stop, run on a Mercédès-Napier-Mors. No description of a motor run is really complete without a reference to the police, and, sure enough, about half way through I discovered the following verses:

Away went Gilpin neck or nought,
Away went mask and hat;
At sixty miles an hour or more
He dashed along the flat.

Then Serjeant Jarrett paced a mile,
And waited, watch in hand,
But eke to hide his fell intent
Covered his boots with sand.

The fine old crusted joke about the size of a policeman's foot has done duty so often that it really deserves a rest—still I am only following *Punch's* poet when I urge my readers to look out for

SAND-HEAPS

Through Ripley.
Along the Fairmile, Cobham.
Near Whetstone, Great North Road.
Through Finchley.
In the London Parks (the Earl of Portarlington was recently caught in Hyde Park).

Alfred C. Hunter

Side-slip and Slack Tyres

To the Editor.

DEAR SIR,—On re-reading the remarks I made to you in reference to side-slip, it occurred to me that I had omitted to qualify some of my remarks in regard to a car not being so liable to side-slip when the tyres were soft. I should have said my remarks under this heading applied particularly to London driving, where wet asphalte and wood pavement had to be encountered. For ordinary driving on macadam, I am prepared to accept the generally acknowledged principle that a hard tyre is best.

The experiments which I carried out myself in connection with the system of having the tyres pumped up hard, were carried out in London, and I found that I had a distinct advantage when my tyres were not too hard.

I merely mention this in order that you may put this little addition into my remarks in order to make the matter perfectly clear.—Yours faithfully,

CHAS. JARROTT.

Two Beautiful English Homes

Photo by *M[illegible]*

The Archery Court at Elvaston Castle, belonging to the Earl of Harrington

Lord Harrington recently brought his old-standing grievance against the Corporation of Derby to a successful issue. It seemed that the sewage of the town of Derby pollutes the Derwent, on the banks of which stands Elvaston Castle. The fish in the castle ponds were p[illegible], and his lordship's cattle and horses could not be watered from the river. £500 damages and costs were awarded Lord Harrington by Mr. Justice Buck[illegible]

Photo by *Topical Agency*

Wilton House, near Salisbury, where the Earl and Countess of Pembroke are entertaining the Prince and Princess of Wales this week

The Race for the Melbourne Cup

ACRASIA'S VICTORY IN RECORD TIME IS WITNESSED BY 85,000 PEOPLE

There is as much eager speculation about the weather conditions before Melbourne Cup Day as there is before Derby Day—perhaps more, for the indicator of the barometer is apt to travel more rapidly, and over a wider arc in Australia than is the case in our own Island. Despite a gloomy official forecast, November 2 broke fine, but as the day wore on it became very hot. An enormous crowd of 85,000 people in the stands, on the table-land and on the flat, joked and betted, and won and lost, none the less energetically that the temperature registered 89 in the shade, and 144·8 in the sun. Cup Day is a veritable Ascot as far as feminine frocks are concerned. This year the most brilliant sunshades set off the most ravishing toilettes, the wearers of which carried dainty fan programmes. The colour scheme of the dresses alters for each Cup Day. At first it was feared that drab colours would predominate, but white gained the ascendency, and Acrasia's Cup was called the "White Cup."

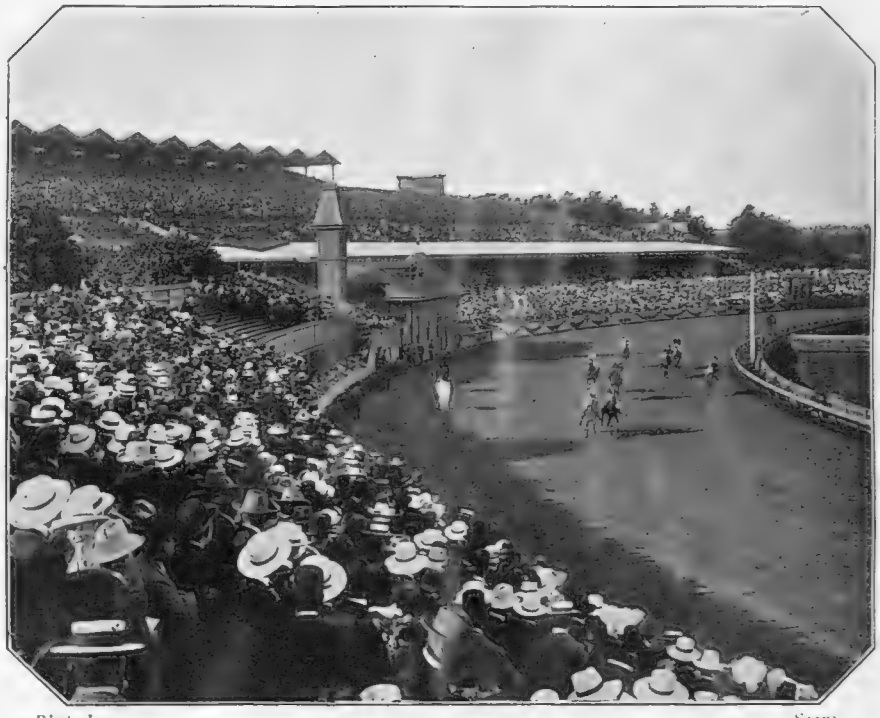


Photo by *Sears*

Melbourne Cup Day, 1904

General view of Flemington Course from the Jockey's Stand

There was a field of thirty-four for the Cup, among which were numbered many very improbable winners. Acrasia, who started at 15 to 1 against, won nicely by three-quarters of a length. Some disappointment was caused by the failure of Wairiki, a "dark horse" from New Zealand, which was made favourite at the last moment. A somewhat remarkable accident befell Wairiki, which had the misfortune to break its shoulder. The rider, when interviewed on the subject, declared that he was not bumped. He was quite clear of the mob, when he suddenly felt his mount's shoulder snap. Acrasia is owned by Mr. H. Oxenham. The mare's time, 3 min. 28¼ sec., beats all records for the race.

Photo by *Sears*

The finish for the Melbourne Cup: Acrasia wins in the record time of 3 min. 28¼ sec.

CAMBRIDGE TRIAL EIGHTS AT PUTNEY

We publish photographs this week of the Cambridge Trial Eights, in which the public have taken more than usual interest this year on account of the College having practiced and rowed their races on the river at Putney. Although no exceptionally brilliant oarsman has been found this year, the stuff that the crews have been chosen from proved to be, if not better than usual, at least quite as good as it has been in the past. The loss of Savary, on Friday, resulted in Fraser, of Lady Margaret, coming up to pull bow, and thereby causing a considerable change of places in the boat. Lawrence was moved from four to six, Winthrop-Smith to four, and Cochrane to three. Though the work of this crew was good, Taylor's crew were, on the whole, the better of the two at the end of practice. This was, perhaps, expected, as they have worked together more, and are also two stone heavier than the other crew. C. B. Johnston, at seven, rowed well, although he was hardly easy in this place. Start was made at Chiswick Steps, thus giving the men a course of fourteen minutes. Taylor's led off in good style, and attained a slight advantage at the start, but at the bend Lewis's crew drew level and then obtained the lead, which they succeeded in increasing at Hammersmith Bridge. After this the distance was somewhat pulled down, though finally Lewis's got in by a length at the finish. Time, 21 minutes 54 seconds, or 8 minutes 23 seconds on the course between the bridges. This, on the whole, being rather fast time, their supporters have so far nothing to grumble about the performance.

Mr. Taylor's Eight, after the race

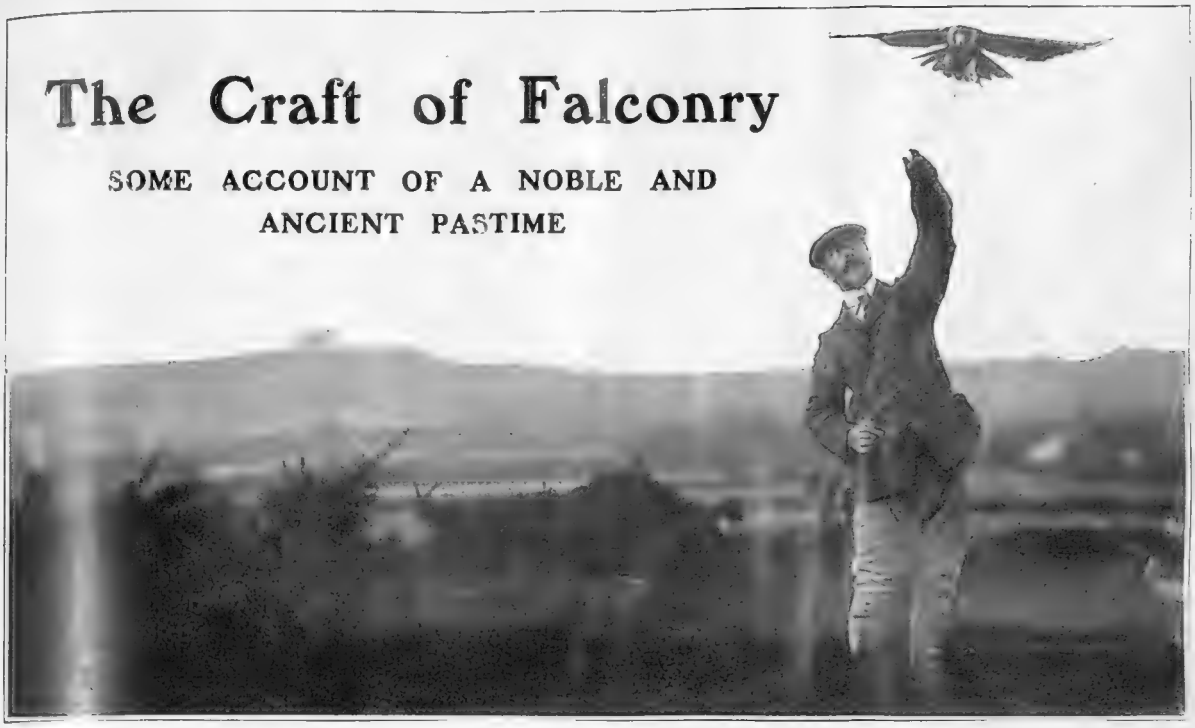
Mr. LEWIS'S EIGHT: THE WINNERS

		st.	lb.
	H. P. F. Scott (Uppingham and Jesus) (bow) ...	10	1
2.	D. P. Wormald (Eton and Third Trinity) ...	12	6
3.	D. G. Cochrane (Merchant Taylors' School and Third Trinity)	10	8
4.	B. R. Winthrop-Smith (Eton and First Trinity)...	12	10
5.	Malcolm Donaldson (Charterhouse and First Trinity)	13	2
6.	A. L. Lawrence (Eton and First Trinity)... ...	12	12
7.	A. C. C. Hutchinson (Merchant Taylors' and Trinity Hall)	11	4
	P. J. Lewis (Hereford School and Lady Margaret) (stroke)	10	10
	R. Allcard (Eton and Third Trinity) (cox) ...	8	10

The Cambridge Trial Eights at Putney: Mr. Lewis's winning Eight, after the race

The Craft of Falconry

SOME ACCOUNT OF A NOBLE AND ANCIENT PASTIME



Casting off

Twelve years ago, the capable author to whom was entrusted the task of inditing the volume on the sport in the Badminton Library, observed: "Falconry has never for a single hour been extinct in Great Britain, and there are, probably, at the present time more hawks in training, well and ably trained, too, both by amateurs and professionals, than ever there were since the beginning of the century." And thus it is that on these bright, crisp winter mornings, which are particularly suitable to its practice, falconers are very busy.

Falconry, of course, boasts of an antiquity hoary with age. A bas-relief, discovered by Sir A. Layard among the ruins of Kharsabad, establishes the existence of falconry in the days of Nineveh and Babylon, that is to say, as early as 1200 B.C., while, if credence may be bestowed on the expositor in a certain book of references, it was familiar to the Chinese eight hundred years before that somewhat remote date. In England, at the time of the Norman Conquest, strict regulations were enforced as to the class of hawk which might appertain to ranks and degrees; fifteen different ranks were mentioned, ranging from Emperors, who could, if they chose, keep an eagle or a vulture, to Knaves who had to put up with a kestrel. Throughout the reigns of the Normans and Tudors, falconry was the pastime *par excellence* of the nobility. From the time of the Commonwealth, it lanquished till about 1750, when the Earl of Orford, assisted by a brilliant Dutch staff, brought the sport once more into fashion. Norfolk and Alconbury Hill, near Huntingdon, were the principal resorts of the craft just then, and 1770 saw the Falconers' Society established. Colonel Thornton and Lord Berners controlled the society in turn, and on the death of the latter the venue was changed to Loo, in Holland, where, under the patronage of Royalty,

Peregrine Falcon with prey

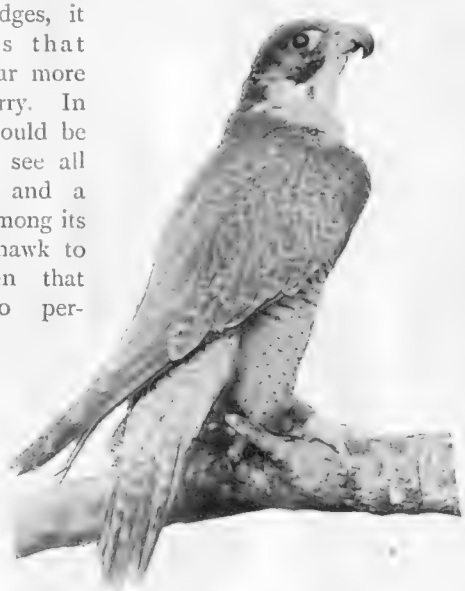
The peregrine is usually flown at grouse, partridges, and the larger birds

it flourished more or less till 1853. Up to that date herons had formed the staple quarry, but when, in 1854, Mr. Clough Newcome organised the still prosperous Old Hawking Club in England, rook and game hawking came into vogue, the Wiltshire Downs providing the best sport. Subsequently, the late Lord Lilford and the Hon. Cecil Duncombe did much good work for the club, and the Hon. Gerald Lascelles, who is unquestionably the leading authority on falconry of the present day, controlled the institution.

Turning to the classification of the hawks used in falconry, they may be divided into two sections, the true falcons and the true hawks. Of the latter, only two varieties are actually used at present, the goshawk and the sparrow-hawk. The main point of difference between the true hawks and the true falcons lies in the length and shape of wing, the hawk having short, rounded wings, as against the long, pointed ones of the falcon. The true falcon, moreover, has an indentation on the upper mandible, and a dark eye. Though the goshawk is occasionally flown at partridges, it is more adapted for birds that are slower on the wing; but far more commonly rabbits form its quarry. In the training of a goshawk care should be exercised in accustoming it to see all kinds of objects, as wildness and a certain dejection of spirit are among its characteristics. To teach a goshawk to feed on the hand, and, when that lesson has been instilled, to persuade it to come to the falconer's wrist, first with food to allure it, and then without, requires no little perseverance. The object of all this education is to prevent its taking perch in trees, and declining to descend, a situation which to the would-be falconer is truly exasperating. The next step is to enter the goshawk to rabbits, bagged ones being usually turned out for that purpose. Nothing can be more interesting than a day with a professed falconer and a good goshawk, and, perhaps, no method of killing rabbits can be more humane. Once the hawk has gripped its prey the latter's fate is accomplished; it is hit or miss. Sometimes a goshawk may sulk a little, should it miss the rabbit and strike against any obstacle; but as a rule this kind of hawk is very amiable. A strong female is frequently powerful enough to kill a hare, but in this case it is as well to keep to hare alone; a change to a less difficult quarry may affect its perseverance on reverting to sterner tasks. The goshawk has all but ceased to exist in a wild state in England for sixty years, but is still known to breed in France and Germany; most of the goshawks nowadays are bred in Norway and Sweden.

Female Sparrow-hawk

A nervous and frail bird, usually flown at small birds, such as blackbirds, rooks, etc.



Male Peregrine Falcon

The peregrine is still captured in Great Britain in wild and precipitous districts

Young Goshawk

Rabbits commonly form its quarry

The sparrow-hawk is nervous and frail, and consequently calls for infinite pains in its training. A stalwart female may be flown at partridges with good results, but as a rule blackbirds and other small birds are more suited to its powers. It should be added that the hood which forms so picturesque an equipment of the longer-winged hawks, or true falcons, is almost dispensed with in the handling of the two short-winged varieties, being merely used in travelling.

The true falcons must now claim attention, and six kinds are in use, though the lanner and Barbary falcon may be dismissed as all but extinct. The peregrine is by far the most commonly used by modern falconers, and its training falls under two heads, that of the "eyas," or bird that has been captured in the nest and reared more or less in confinement, and the more arduous subjugation of the "passage," or wild-caught falcon. The female eyas is considerably stronger than the "tiercel," or male, and can tackle any kind of game in the open; the tiercel rarely aspires beyond partridges.

In setting about to train an eyas, the first point to remember is that it can easily become too tame. Such hawks, therefore, should be left alone as much as possible before actual training commences, and housed in some outhouse opening on unfrequented

ground, their feeder showing himself as little as possible. Allowed to flutter about the trees at first, they will soon learn to take long flights, and, once released, should always find their food placed ready for them at the same spot. Perhaps in a fortnight it will be time to terminate the brief space of liberty, which, in falconry parlance, is known as being "at hack"; then the young bird is recaptured in a bow net, and, with a hood placed on its head, tied to a block, where it will settle down readily enough. It should be mentioned that, to facilitate handling, the hawk has, before being permitted to use its wings, had "jesses" (thin slips of leather), and either one or two bells attached to its legs.

The first step after recapture is being taken on the falconer's fist, the hood still retained, and the hawk is gradually taught to feed off meat held under her feet (hawks are, like hares, generally talked of as feminine). After a time, she will learn to fly to perch on the fist, and the next lesson to be taught is that of the "lure." This consists of a bent piece of metal, well padded and enveloped in leather, on to which are firmly fastened wings of birds and bits of meat, so as to give a counterfeit of the falcon's prospective quarry. Once accustomed to feed on the lure, the falcon, in time, learns to fly to the trainer, expectant of a meal though not actually seeing it. Then she will hover over the trainer's head until the latter produces the hidden lure, when she pounces on it with celerity, and her rudimentary education is concluded. Before being flown at game, however, the young peregrine has still to attain a little more dash and quickness, and this is generally effected by a few pigeons being released for her edification. A steady setter is then requisitioned, and a good open country being selected, the falconer is generally able so to manage matters that the birds, grouse or partridges, are between him and the dog before the game is flushed. Should the result prove satisfactory, the falcon may be deemed to have put the copestone on a long and painstaking curriculum. Frequent work and good luck are, in fact, all that she requires to assure a long and useful career, which, moreover, will afford endless delight to her instructor.

The "passage" peregrine is, as already stated, far wilder than the eyas, and will not learn to feed on the fist without a vast amount of patience on the teacher's part, who, as a rule, conducts his early lessons by candle-light, when the bird is less timid. The greatest care, too, must be bestowed on training the passage hawk to the lure; she must always be well fed, and her confidence should be wooed with solicitude, it being borne in mind by the falconer that though starvation is, in the case of many animals, an effective, if brutal, method of repression, with a hawk it means sheer disaster.

When the weather is fine, the birds are set out on their blocks for several hours, and should be bathed, for they are very fond of water. Once a week they are given a full meal, or "gorge," while almost daily "castings" should be administered, the expression meaning several mouthfuls of skin, with either fur or feathers mixed therewith. Castings, of course, represent the principal ingredients of the birds' natural prey.

Should this brief sketch of a sport, which, for intellectual fascination, surpasses any other, tempt any reader to enquire further into its details, an ample library awaits his perusal. The standard work is, "Falconry in the British Isles," by Messrs. Salvin and Brodrick, of which the first and second editions were published in 1855 and 1873 respectively. Then there is Mr. J. E. Harting's "Bibliotheca Accipitraria," not to mention the sumptuous "Traité de Fauconnerie," by Schlegl and Wulverhorst, and the more recent "Falconry: its History, Claims, and Practice," by Messrs. Freeman and Salvin, bearing the date of 1895. But, perhaps, after all, I cannot do better than refer the would-be falconer to the work to which I alluded at the outset of this article.

OSTRINGER.

A field cadge or carrier for hawks and two spaniels trained to the sport

Death of a Well-known Zoo Favourite

The Late Lamented Jimmy

With the death of Jimmy the Zoo has lost a favourite whose popularity was almost as great as that of the long-deceased Jumbo, or of Sally, the little chimpanzee, whose death occurred a year or so back. It is true that Jimmy's popularity was due rather to the peculiarities of his species than to those social traits which were the distinguishing characteristics of Jumbo and Sally, his departed colleagues. Made famous by the many Zoo alphabets, without which the library of no modern nursery is complete, he was a great favourite with the children. Forforty years a well-behaved and highly respected inhabitant of Regent's Park, only once in all that time did Jimmy go on the "rampage" and on that occasion, after doing his level best to root up the railings of his enclosure, he was forced to retreat minus the horn from which his species takes the name rhinoceros. His successor to the post of chief rhinoceros at the Zoo is taken by an animal presented to the society in 1886 by the Rajah of Kooch Behar.

Photo by *Ryan*

"Jimmy," the Zoo rhinoceros, who died recently after an exemplary career extending over forty years

A THAMES-SIDE HOTEL BURNT

Photo by *Ive*

The Weir Hotel, Sunbury, destroyed by fire last week

Our photograph, which all river-lovers will recognise, is taken from the towpath, and shows the effect of the fire upon the large summer dining-room. Owing to the somewhat out-of-the-way position of the hotel, the engines could not reach the fire very speedily, and damage to the tune of £5,000 was done

Matters Musical

"Everyman"

The London Choral Society constitute themselves ardent exponents of Sir Edward Elgar's art. At their first concert they gave *The Dream of Gerontius*; at their second, which took place last week, the cycle of *Sea Pictures* was performed; and *The Apostles* is announced for the next concert in February. The *Sea Pictures* were admirably sung by Miss Muriel Foster, "Where corals lie" being particularly noticeable for its dainty charm. The work of the evening, however, was Dr. Walford Davies' setting of the old morality play *Everyman*, then heard for the first time in London. Dr. Davies has succeeded to perfection in conveying the quaint old-world spirit of the play, which is perceptible from the very first bar. "Death" has a characteristically weird phrase, which recurs many times on his entry; and the staccato "Riches" chorus, "I lie here in corners," is very effective. The song of "Knowledge" is charmingly melodious, and the setting of the words, "Be no more sad, but evermore rejoice," creates an atmosphere infinitely soothing and reassuring. The final fugal chorus, "He that hath his account whole and sound, High in Heaven shall he be crowned," is a very musicianly piece of writing, and forms a fitting close to the whole. The performance was received with enthusiasm, and much credit is due to Mr. Fagge, the energetic conductor, for the work which he has obviously spent in rehearsing.

Photo by *Lafayette*

Miss Norah Drewett

The clever young pianist, who is rapidly making a reputation as a musician

Miss Norah Drewett

Miss Norah Drewett is one of the most talented of the younger generation of pianists, and recently gave a very successful recital. She was a pupil of M. Alfonse Duvernoy, at the Paris Conservatoire, and made her first appearance in London last year, though her real *début* took place at Monte Carlo some time previously.

Some New Music

Messrs. Metzler have sent us copies of some songs, and other compositions, which they have just published. They have two settings by Gounod of songs by Magdalene Proctor, "In Captivity" and "Through Deep Waters," and Frances Allitsen is responsible for "The Hidden Grief" (Ingoldsby), and "Forgetfulness" (Vigay). Sir Frederick Bridge's "England of To-morrow" is dedicated to the Hon. Alfred Lyttelton. Mr. Paul Rubens contributes a song, "Sea and Sky," written by Evelyn Scholfield, and a pianoforte piece, designated "Larmes de Joie." Mr. Percy Pitt, the well-known accompanist at Queen's Hall, publishes his incidental dances to *Richard II.*, and Mr. Fagge, conductor of the London Choral Society, in collaboration with Mr. John Bradford, has collected and arranged a series of "Sea Chanties." Mr. Frederick Bevan is represented by "Shew me the Way" (Wellsbourne) and "Peg Away" (F. E. Weatherley), while Mr. Coward, who edits the *American Organ Journal*, dedicates "Sunday" to Miss Julia Neilson, and also contributes a waltz based on this song.

Mme. Albani Returns to London

It is some time since Londoners have had a chance of hearing Mme. Albani and Mr. Santley, and they turned out in great force to give them a welcome at Miss Verne's concert last week. Mme. Albani was in excellent voice, and the only disappointment seemed to be, if one may judge from the sentiments of a lady behind me, that she did not sing "Home, Sweet Home," or "The Blue Bells of Scotland," as encores! Mr. Santley sang Hatton's well-known setting of Herrick's verses, "To Anthea," with all the fire of hot-blooded youth, and aroused such enthusiasm that he was obliged to repeat the performance.

Musicians in the "House"

The announcement that at a forthcoming Liberal meeting, one candidate is to play the organ, while another conducts the choir, suggests possibilities. It would be a pleasant relief from the monotony of Parliamentary debate to hear the Leader of the Opposition declaiming in spirited fugue to the accompaniment of a semi-chorus seated on the Government benches, and if it did not lead to harmony between all parties, would lead to some excellent examples of "counterpoint."

SOME ARRANGEMENTS FOR THE WEEK

Wednesday, December 14

Queen's Hall. Madame Albani's Concert, at 3.

Thursday, December 15

Queen's Hall. London Symphony Orchestra Concert, at 3.

Monday, December 19

Queen's Hall. Miss E. Newcomb's Concert, at 8.

H. F.

Blue Crystalline Glaze

THE CONNOISSEUR

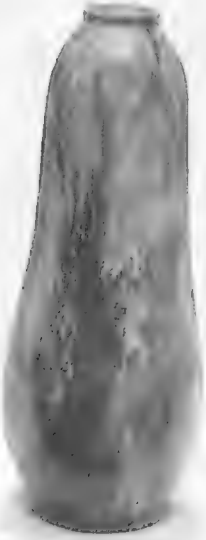
Lancastrian Pottery at Oslers' Gallery

Blue Crystalline Glaze

"... Surely not in vain
My substance from the common earth was ta'en"

Among ten thousand loveliest specimens of pottery, the brilliant productions of Oriental workmen have always been most beloved of the connoisseur. Broadly speaking, the European attempts to reproduce the richly-coloured pottery of China and Japan have been as perfunctory as the early efforts to manufacture in Europe the porcelain of the richly-gifted artists of the East. But, at the present time, Messrs. Oslers', 100, Oxford Street, are showing a collection of pottery which will interest all collectors of ceramics, and those many others who are charmed by the beautiful in whatever form it appears. This ware is the result of a long course of study and experiment which Mr. William and Mr. Joseph Burton have conducted. The ware has been named Lancastrian pottery, but its appearance deserves some title more suggestive of the Orient, for the designs are pure and simple, but instinct with the grace and dignity of Eastern things, while the colours, varied by a hundred different chemical processes, rival the beauties of old Chinese work. The celestial peach-colour, the reds, browns, and the vast varieties of splash wares, caused by a well-known process of manufacture which was used in China many centuries ago, are reproduced in the glowing colours which Mr. Burton has induced to show themselves upon his ware.

Rich Red Flambé
The effect of coal inlaid in old ivory



Red and Green "Haricot" Glaze

The extreme heat at which the specimens have been produced, 1000 to 1350 degrees centigrade, has given a result at once rich, beautiful, and often new. The tints and markings of the iris bloom, the appearance of chalcedony or ancient bronze, the colours of rare stones, and the depth and richness of lacquer—all these, and a hundred more varieties, are to be found in this collection. The four principal divisions into which the Lancastrian pottery falls is that of the glazes, variously known as Crystalline, Opalescent, Texture, and Transmutation. Each of these has many sub-divisions, such as the Aventure and Sunstone, the Fiery Crystalline, and the Starry-Opalescent, which come under the first heading.

Although this pottery is most difficult to reproduce in photography, owing to the loss of the charming colour, and the many freaks of reflected lights, our first picture gives an excellent idea of a very successful piece. All Oriental pottery is designed in connection with its environment, and to divorce a bowl or bottle from the stand the artist had wedded it to is always to destroy a happy combination. So with this pottery it is seen to fullest advantage when fitted to the right sort of stand of ebony or dark wood, lacquer, or, perhaps, in a few cases, bronze or coloured metal. This agreeable piece is particularly helped by its carefully proportioned base, and each of the other designs here given would be immensely assisted by appropriate stands.

Purple and Turquoise Glaze

In England those who have produced the most elaborate glazed earthenware have often been enthusiastic experimental chemists, devout potters and diligent workmen, but with all these gifts they were denied the touch of heavenly fire, the true spirit of the artist. And thus the technical best was very like the worst from the æsthetic point of view. At last the true feeling of the Chinese potter appears to have entered a British undertaking, and the result is one of which the nation, so little devoted to decorative art, should be glad to take the fullest advantage. The seeker after Christmas gifts will find them in the gallery, at Messrs. Oslers', at present devoted to Lancastrian pottery.

E. M.

Pater *(with dignity)*: "Yes, my dears, I think that a man should not only be a father to his daughters, but a PROTECTOR"

DRAWN BY CHARLES PEARS

FASHIONABLE FACTS & FANCIES

By Mrs. JACK MAY

Just now we have only one concern in life—the pursuit of the Christmas present. This thought absorbs every waking hour, and almost, it seems to us, that we shall continue to buy, buy, buy, for the rest of our natural existence. The pay, pay, pay, is another story, and one not quite so pleasurable, as Ambrosine thoughtlessly points out; although it is really remarkable, and speaks volumes for the right sentiment that prevails with most of us at the Christmas hour, how singularly ready we are to pay down money when the purchase chances to be a Yuletide gift.

For real wonders in cheap toys, everyone should go and see

Garrould's Bazaar

This firm have for years laid themselves out to specialise on these lines, at moderate prices. For the outlay of a sovereign there, one can retire literally laden with gifts in season. And, after all, where children are concerned, it is quantity rather than quality which tells.

A great feature is being made this year of cheap mechanical toys, 3*s.* 6*d.*, for instance, securing a group of musical clowns, who go through various clever and amusing gymnastic feats, while for 4*s.* 11*d.* you can have a perfect walking doll, fully dressed and lifelike in movement. The little Jap tea-party is replete with realism, and only 10¾*d.*, while the mechanical fireman who, inspired by clockwork, ascends a ladder, is equally to the life and costs but 1*s.* 6*d.* A marvellous replica of Sir Hiram's flying machine commences at 1*s.* 11½*d.*, though this is a story that is told in full magnificence in one of the windows, where a gigantic machine is driven and illuminated by electricity.

A Morland Chapeau in Ivory Taffeta

An upstanding band of dark purple velvet encloses the crown, which is bunched at the left side with clusters of shaded violets

When we were at Garrould's, also, we went to see that remarkable silk counter of theirs, and were especially taken with the latest speciality, Luvia, at 1*s.* 0½*d.* a yard. We had heard of Luvia, but had no glimmer of an idea of it until we saw it. How very excellent it is and superior in every way to its predecessors at a like price. For blouses, teagowns, and lining purposes, it has already secured the best of reputations, and, in addition to the usual ordinary and pale tints, this resplendent silk counter runs through the whole range of such latter-day colourings as dahlia, orchidee, mauve, etc. Luvia, we are satisfied, has come to make history.

Then, chiffon taffeta at Garrould's, in delicate evening tints, and of most excellent character altogether, is priced at 2*s.* 2*d.*, and foundation and petticoat taffeta is marvellous value at 1*s.* 7*d.* a yard; there is a lovely Louisine at 1*s.* 8*d.*; a messaline, double width, at 3*s.* 11*d.*, in full range of colours, and a crêpe-de-soie, 46 inches wide, at 2*s.* 11*d.* The world, of a truth, should do very well at this Edgware Road establishment under such admirable conditions, for, slight and concise as is the above description, it will suffice, if we know enough of our sex, to send the majority in quest of these silk bargains, which, common sense warns us, are not likely to be for all time.

Christmas Gifts Out of the Common

There are still one or two things left that mere man can teach us, and one of these is, the constitution of a comfortable chair. Set nine women out of ten to buy such a mundane article, and the

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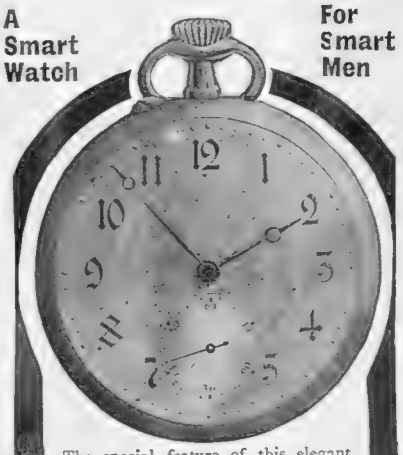

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result will be a tight, narrow-seated, badly-composed affair, perhaps—and herein lies its sole claim to any sort of consideration—boasting something decoratively attractive in the way of brocade or tapestry covering. Women, as a rule, are far too prone to generalise over chairs, "any chair to any person," whereas men individualise, one demanding a seat of depth and lowness, while another seeks a style higher and more generally supporting, such as, for example, the Tub chair, illustrated on this page, a model built by Messrs. Heal, of Tottenham Court Road.

Among his many undoubted gifts, Mr. Heal has quite a remarkable faculty for evolving original chairs, and, while frequently working back on the old lines of authenticated models, such as the above-mentioned Tub, one of the first essentials with him is that his chairs shall afford comfort and ease, else wherefore were "easy chairs" ever made?

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Reproduction of a Sheraton winged chair

Reproduction of an old English "Tub" chair, covered in printed linen

the monotony of that sometimes chilling fabric. *Apropos* though of chintz, the Tub chair, with its plain, simple outline and glorious absence of curves, would lend itself admirably to one of these loose coverings, so frequently and disastrously attempted with hideously curved early Victorian atrocities. As the Tub stands, however, upholstered in an artistic red and white linen, and at the moderate price of only £5 10*s.*, where could a more seasonable present be found for a bachelor brother in rooms, chambers, or college? or, for that matter, for the bachelor girl, than this comfy chair? which, while performing all the necessary functions of rest, does not induce laziness or indolent torpor. And these are but two out of a choice that literally defies rivalry.

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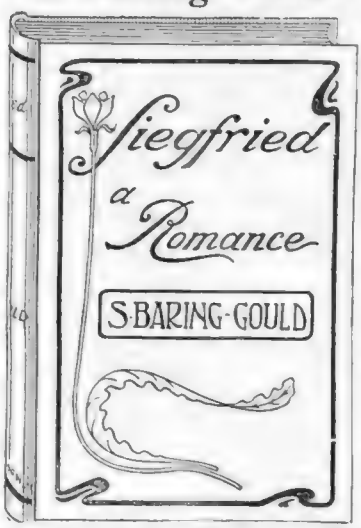

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SOLUTIONS OF THE FIRST TWO HANDS OF OUR £10 10s. COMPETITION

(These hands appeared in the issues of "The Bystander" for October 26 and November 2 respectively)

I regret that owing to the large space devoted in last week's huge Christmas budget to fiction and things more "Christmassey" than Bridge, my solutions were crowded out. This week, too, I shall be unable to publish the solution to all four hands of the rubber, so content myself with giving two. Next week the other two solutions will be given, and, if possible, the results, with names of prizewinners. The Competition Rubber attracted a gratifying number of new competitors. In the course of the competition I have had occasion to observe again an interesting characteristic of ladies' Bridge: they are a trifle too cautious in declaring, and a trifle too bold in play. They will make a defensive black declaration with very little excuse, and they will finesse and again finesse with less.

THE FIRST HAND

The Declaration

A should leave it; his hand is too useful to excuse his making a defensive spade call. B declares diamonds. It is a quite open question whether Y should double or not. In practice I should double on that hand every time; but a great many steady players would be deterred from doing so by the fact that the strength in trumps was over them.

THE PLAY

Tricks	Y	B	Z	A
1	♡ A	♡ 2	♡ 4	♡ 6
2	♣ 2	♣ 5	♣ K	♣ 4
3	♣ 3	♡ 8	♡ Q	♡ 9
4	♣ 10	♣ A	♣ 6	♣ 7
5	♠ A	♠ 9	♠ 7	♠ Q
6	♣ Q	♣ 8	♡ 3	♣ J
7	♠ 8	♠ 2	♠ K	♠ 3
8	♠ 10	♦ 3	♡ K	♡ J
9	♦ J	♣ 9	♦ 7	♦ 9
10	♦ 5	♦ 10	♦ 8	♠ 4
11	♦ 6	♦ 4	♡ 5	♠ 5
12	♦ 2	♦ Q	♡ 7	♠ 6
13	♦ K	♦ A	♡ 10	♠ J

Result

Y Z win 8 tricks.
A B win 5 tricks.

Trick 1.—Y opens with his singleton—ace of hearts—(1) to get a look at Dummy; (2) to be able to ruff with his little trumps. Z plays the four, that he may, if ever he wants to, be able to show the length of his suit in them.

Trick 2.—Y opens clubs: it is his long suit, and he leads through strength.

Trick 3.—Z leads the queen of hearts, and shows that he holds the king. Y discards clubs three: he can account for the third round, and, seeing B's strength in them, he will want to trump the fourth.

Trick 4.—Z at once returns the club lead.

Trick 5.—With seven trumps out against him, A can hardly lead them from B; he prefers to hold them up for ruffing, and opens spades.

Trick 6.—Z shows his length in hearts.

Trick 7.—Since Z's seven of spades fell on the first round, Y places the king or knave, or both, in his hand, and leads them; at the worst, his ten blocks the third round.

Trick 9.—A leads the last club from Dummy, since his own nine of trumps will either win, or draw the knave or king. Z puts in his seven, since it is no use to him, and may draw a big card from A.

THE SECOND HAND

The Declaration

Y leaves it. Z declares no-trumps. Many competitors made Z declare spades on this hand, which has three suits guarded, and is a queen, knave, ten above the value of an average hand. I cannot conceive why.

THE PLAY

Tricks	B	Z	A	Y
1	♡ 4	♡ J	♡ 9	♡ 3
2	♣ 2	♣ A	♣ 3	♣ 4
3	♣ 6	♣ Q	♣ 5	♣ 8
4	♣ 10	♣ 7	♦ 4	♣ K
5	♠ A	♠ 8	♠ 5	♠ 2
6	♣ J	♦ 9	♦ 2	♣ 9
7	♡ A	♡ 7	♡ 10	♡ 5
8	♡ K	♡ 8	♠ 6	♠ 3
9	♦ J	♦ 10	♦ 6	♦ Q
10	♦ 3	♠ 10	♦ 7	♦ A
11	♠ Q	♠ K	♠ 7	♠ 9
12	♡ 2	♠ J	♦ 8	♠ 4
13	♡ 6	♡ Q	♦ K	♦ 5

Result.

Y Z win 9 tricks.
A B win 4 tricks.

Trick 1.—B opens with the fourth best of his long suit. Y puts in Dummy's knave.

Trick 4.—A discards to show strength in diamonds.

Trick 5.—B puts in his ace of spades at once, or Y wins with Dummy's king, and leads them again, clearing the suit.

Trick 9.—It is plain to B that the only chance of saving the game is for A to hold the diamonds, for which he has called, and he leads his highest of two.

Problematicus

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Roast Pig and Apple Sauce

A curious phenomenon appears to have taken place in a small village of France. A disastrous fire broke out in the village last September, which has been the means, apparently, of forcing a second budding from a whole orchard full of pear and apple trees scorched by the flames. This sudden blast of heat is surely a hitherto unheard-of method of forcing flowers or fruit, but in these days when, as everybody knows, flowers and fruit must be procurable at all seasons of the year to satisfy the constant demand for out-of-season delicacies, this strange result of an accident may be the means of bringing about an entirely new system. It is quite different to the ordinary slow forcing method, at any rate, for within a month of the fire, the trees were in full bloom, and the flowering appears to have started at once. I should not wonder if further experiments were now made in this direction, and, owing to these accidental means, the industry might easily be largely developed. Still, the whole story rather reminds one of Charles Lamb's immortal tale of how roast pig was first discovered.

Professions for Women

We seldom take up a paper now without reading of some new step taken by one of our sex in their endeavour to earn their own livelihood. The latest development is the lady builder. A young girl is at present making herself proficient, not only in the designing and decorating of the modern dwellings, but also in the actual building of them. I cannot understand why women are so desperately anxious to enter professions and trades which obviously are suited only to men, while they allow men to supersede them in others that seem by right to belong to them alone. One of these is the art of hairdressing; another is cooking; a third is dress designing. Men are acknowledged to excel in all these occupations, but it is my firm conviction that if women only chose they could cut out the men and be entitled to the higher wages. It is absurd to think that a woman should not be able to dress hair better than a man. And I know from experience that a good woman hairdresser, though she is difficult to find, is infinitely more tasteful in the art than a man can ever be. At the same time, women neglect their opportunities in this line entirely, and make numerous and generally futile efforts in the wrong direction.

Cheap Music

The revolution in the price of music is proceeding apace, in spite of vigorous protests from many publishers. On all sides one hears of new editions and schemes. At the present moment, the most enterprising effort I have yet seen is that of the *Musical Home Journal*, produced every week by Cassell and Co. For one penny you get a collection of six songs, or pianoforte pieces, clearly printed, and nearly all original. The *Musical Home Journal* is certainly well worth buying, and, from what I hear, I am not alone in my praises of its merits, for the sales have been very encouraging. LADY PHYLLIS.

The Menu: Christmas Fare

BOILED TURKEY AND OYSTER STUFFING

Take a medium-sized turkey and stuff it with the following ingredients:. Chop 4 oz. of suet very finely, mix it with 6 oz. of bread-crumbs, the grated rind of half a lemon, a teaspoonful of chopped parsley, salt, cayenne pepper, and grated nutmeg to taste. Take the beards off two-dozen oysters, add them and their liquor strained, and lastly two eggs; truss the bird, tie it in buttered paper or in a cloth. Place the turkey, breast downwards, in boiling water, let it come again to the boil, skim it well, and simmer gently for one and a half hours or longer, according to size. Serve with good white sauce poured over, and garnished with fried sausage and slices of boiled ox tongue.

CHESTNUT FORCEMEAT STUFFING FOR TURKEY.

Take about three-dozen chestnuts, roast and peel them, and then place in a saucepan with some good veal gravy or white stock. Let them boil in this for fifteen or twenty minutes; then drain off the gravy, and when they become quite cold, mince them. Then take a tablespoonful of grated ham, two teaspoonfuls of white pepper, a piece of grated lemon-peel, a very little cayenne pepper, and four tablespoonfuls of bread-crumbs. Mix them in a mortar, adding the chestnuts, and moistening the whole with a mixture of the beaten yolks of two eggs and 2 oz. of butter.

TURKEY SOUP

Two quarts of ordinary bone stock, the remains of a roast turkey, a tablespoonful of walnut ketchup, 2 oz. of ground rice, salt and pepper to taste. First see that the stock is perfectly free from fat, then chop the pieces of turkey small and place in a saucepan with the stock; simmer all together for three or four hours. Take the meat from the bones, press through a coarse sieve and return to the stock. Mix the ground rice into a batter with cold stock, add it with the sauce to the soup, boil up, cook for a few minutes while stirring well, and serve. A gill of cream added to the soup just before it is served will be found a great improvement. EMILIA.

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THE EDITOR'S BOX

Covent Garden Fancy Dress Ball

A great crowd assembled at the Opera House in Covent Garden, in order to celebrate the occasion of the "century," otherwise the hundredth, fancy ball held at this establishment. For the first time this season the entire floor space was available, the departure—incidentally, much to be regretted—of the San Carlo Opera Company, enabled the management once more to place the popular lounge behind the orchestra at the disposal of their patrons. A new background representing the Bosphorus, added considerably to the general colour scheme, which was further enhanced by the ostrich feather fan of many tints presented, as a souvenir, to each lady present. To the music provided by Mr. Dan Godfrey's excellent orchestra, the dancing went gaily on, offering to the numerous onlookers a feast of whirling colour, the like of which is only to be seen here. For the march past many gorgeous confections paraded, the first prize, a handsome diamond and ruby butterfly brooch, going to the wearer of "The Century Ball" a wonderful creation on which one hundred electric lights were employed. By a happy coincidence this was the hundredth first prize carried off by Mr. Clarkson's costumes at these balls. Second and third prizes were awarded to "The Belle of the Ball," and "Between the Dances" respectively, both designed by Madame Jeanne. Among the other prizewinners were "Olo Clo," "Showers of Good Luck," "Homeless and Hungry," "A Terrible Frost." The next ball will take place on December 16.

Waterman's Fountain Pens

How many people are there, we wonder, who have not at one time or other in their life purchased a fountain pen? In about nine cases out of ten, the purchasers throw aside their pens in disgust after a few weeks', sometimes after a few days', use, for the reason that they are unsatisfactory, and that they are more trouble than they are worth. As there are exceptions to every rule, so there is a notable exception to the rule that all fountain pens are bad investments. Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pens are not only "Ideal" in name, but "ideal" in use. They are fitted with a special spoon feed, which is to be found in no other make, and which ensures an even flow of ink, while they contain several other features which are not to be found in other pens. Now that the annual Christmas question, "What shall I give So-and-so for a present?" has cropped up again, we confidently recommend the gift of one of "Waterman's Ideal Pens," and you will make the recipient your everlasting friend.

Spratt's Almanac for Sportsmen

The great rush of almanacs for the coming year has now commenced. The stock is so great that selection is a matter of no little difficulty. But the sportsman cannot do better than "plump" for Spratt's Almanac for 1905. It comprises fine-art reproductions of prize-winning dogs, and rare varieties of pheasants, cockatoos, and parakeets, etc. The letterpress at the back of each slip of the calendar contains valuable technical information. Application for these really handy almanacs should be made at once to "Spratt's Almanac Department," 24, Fenchurch Street, London. Those who apply early will be presented with an almanac, post free.

"Siege Baby" Fund

We have pleasure in acknowledging the following sums for our "Siege Baby" Fund:

	£	s.	d.
Amount already received	4	17	0
Alfred Pearse, Esq.	0	5	0
F. T. Brenn, Esq.	0	2	6
Total	£5	4	6

We are pleased to be able to tell our readers that this amount has been duly sent to the Walker family, so that it will reach them in time for Christmas. The Fund is now closed.

MR. AITCHISON'S

"Hints on Eyesight."

Hint No. 20:

"THE INVENTION OF SPECTACLES."

The origin of spectacles is rather obscure. The first authentic record seems to be that of Alexander Spina, a monk of Pisa, 1312, though Manni attributes them to Salvino, who died in 1317, and on whose tomb at Florence the inscription states that he was the "inventor of spectacles, may God pardon his sins." For Roger Bacon the invention is also claimed by some. In 1827, Professor Airy discovered the method of correcting astigmatism by means of cylindrical lenses, but for thirty years this was neglected by medical specialists, and it was not until opticians had practically shown the advantage to be gained from the use of these lenses, that the surgeons really appreciated their value. In fact, spectacles can scarcely be claimed as a definite invention at any date, but have arrived at their perfect state by a process of development, particularly during the last forty years.

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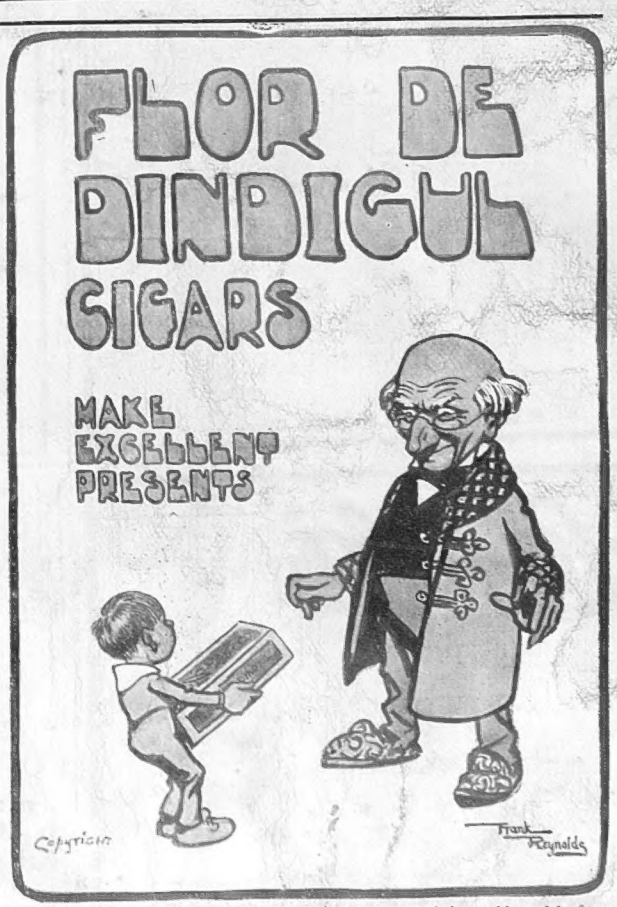

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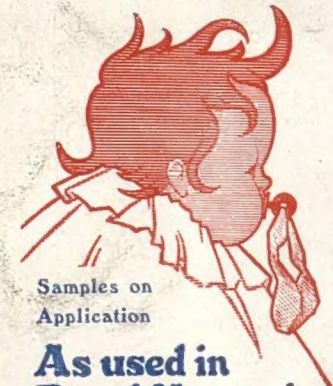

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